

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 8, 1971 80 CENTS

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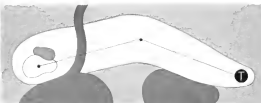
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*The 16th on Pinehurst's No. 5 Course: 410 yards, par 4.* The tee shot is demanding. It must be long enough to clear the dogleg, yet not too long or it will catch the swamp. The second shot, played with a 3 or 4 iron, is to an elevated, split-level green protected by a deep bunker on the left front. It's one of the most demanding holes in all of Pinehurst's 563 acres of golf!



*The Ninth at Lakewood's Magnolia Course: 381 yards, par 4.* You'll need an accurate tee shot to make it down the narrow fairway, between tall pines on the right, two lakes on the left. The second shot is even tougher. A trap to the right guards the long, narrow green, and a hook to the left lands in the water. This is a hole that challenges the pros.

Nicky K., age three, drank a bottle of furniture polish.  
A telephone number saved his life.



The poisoning took place in Tyringham, Mass.

The number belonged to a poison control center 135 miles away.

But what if Nicky's parents didn't know it existed?

What if they had to waste precious minutes frantically searching through phone books before they could even attempt to reach it?

And what if they needed

something more than advice over the telephone—like a doctor or ambulance?

At Metropolitan Life, we are working to keep all those "what if's" from becoming "if only's."

In many communities, we're distributing emergency kits with lists of numbers that can make the difference between life and death.

It's part of a 45-year-long

effort on our part to show people how to avoid emergencies, and how to handle those that are unavoidable.

Because accidents will happen.

And when they do, what people don't know can hurt them.



**Metropolitan Life**

We sell life insurance.  
But our business is life.

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Credits on page 94

## Next week

**THE FIGHT** dominates the week's news and our two issues, including four pages of significant photographs and a report from ringside and the dressing rooms by Mark KERN.

**MANAGER OF THE YEAR** in 1969—and now manager of a megamovie—Tynd Williams faces a troubled spring. A sympathetic report from the Senator camp by John Underwood.

**BEWARE:** Never touch Robert Alamy in the presence of his fence guard dogs. According to Robert H. Boyle, one should approach Robert Alamy cautiously even when he's alone.

# NOW THAT AMERICA HAS ACCEPTED THE EUROPEAN IDEA OF THE SMALL CAR,



Volkswagen



Opel



Toyota



Vega



Pinto



Renault

# WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE EUROPEANS' IDEA OF THE BEST SMALL CAR IS?

In America, one gets a somewhat distorted idea of who's who in small cars.

Most Americans assume that Volkswagen invented the small car. And that Volkswagen is the biggest selling small car in Europe, as well as America.

The truth is that both these assumptions are misconceptions.

To start with, Fiat invented the small car, way back in 1936.

(It was called the Topolino, which is Italian for "Little Mouse.")

And secondly, Fiat is the biggest selling car in Europe, where they've been buying small cars for three generations.

For every Volkswagen sold in Italy, eight Fiats are sold in Germany.

For every Renault sold in Italy, three Fiats are sold in France.

For every Volvo sold in Italy, nine Fiats are sold in Sweden.

You might well consider all this if you're thinking about sinking a couple of thousand dollars or so into a small car.

After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European.

**FIAT**



Fiat.  
The biggest selling car  
in Europe.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The prefix "eco" is much with us these days, beginning with ecology and moving on to such hyphenated pretensions as eco-chains, eco-systems, eco-worlds, eco-thought and even eco-journalism. But as is often the case when public interest focuses upon a complicated matter, there is a danger that eco will turn into echo—that each newly noticed deprivation of the environment will be seized upon and hotly trumpeted only for the sound and fury involved.

What is needed now, if there is to be meaningful success in the conservation (what a fuddy-duddy old word) battle, is a cooler eye. There must be a willingness to understand that ex-

priorities, for a reassessment of yet another burden we are placing on our land. It is also a story that will evoke protest and outrage, both from those who would poison and from those revolted by the very notion. Later this year it will be published as a book—*Slaughter the Animals, Poison the Earth*—by Simon & Schuster.

In a way Olsen has been researching *The Poisoning of the West* most of his life. A great deal of his boyhood was spent in the outdoors, and he took up permanent residence in Colorado six years ago, building himself a home at 9,000 feet on a mountainside. That is where he works when he is not away interviewing such personalities as Bobby Orr and Muhammad Ali, he can stand in his living room and look out over hundreds of miles of the land that is the subject of such deep concern as his latest project. He is a journalist who knows his territory.

During the six months he researched the series—a task that took him through most of the Western states—Olsen was increasingly astonished at how romantic the job of predator trapping had once seemed to him. "I was always extremely fascinated with the concept of Government trappers. When I was very young, if you had asked me what I wanted to be, Government trapper would have been very high on my list. I had an idea that they were all passionate nature lovers, and this vision persisted right up until last summer when I went out to interview many of them. What I found was that most of the old trappers had retired or disappeared, and the few that are left have nothing but contempt for the new breed, whom they call 'poisoners.'"

We are glad Olsen did not become a Government trapper. We trust you will be too.



AUTHOR OLSEN IN NATURAL HABITAT

ploration of the land is one thing, use another, preservation still another, and that the decision as to which we want most in a given case is a complex one—especially when it is exploitation that often gives us a maximum of the material comforts we so relish.

It is with full recognition of these issues that Jack Olsen has written *The Poisoning of the West*, a three-part series that begins this week on page 30. *The Poisoning of the West* is not simply an exposé: the Federal Government's vast predator-poisoning program has been operated quite openly for four decades. But it is, in sum, a strong demand for a reexamination of

*Dick Munro*



# The outboard built like a racing car.

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Our Sea-Horse 125 is a full one-third shorter than competitive outboards. You can fish over it. See over it. Tow skiers over it. Can you do all that with anybody else's motor? Ask them. And while you're at it, see if their outboard has a low center of gravity for extra turning stability. Or if it takes up less space when tilted forward.

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Or maybe you'd like our catalog. It tells all about the 125 and everything else Johnson makes, right down to the 2 hp baby. Write Johnson Motors, Waukegan, Illinois 60085. Dept. SI-371.

Watch for the Johnson NBC TV special, March 30. The Greater Show on Water at Copley Gardens, with Tom Ed McManis, April 11 in the National Boat Show. Check your knowledge of the ball-and-plate boat. And see the Greater Show on Water, 37th Annual Boat Show, during March-April.



## For lots of fast reasons.

THE CAR — FAMOUS LEADER CARD RACER



Design: Outboard Motors Corporation — Market: OMC, 2000, 2001

No matter where you live in North America,

# THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING

a new series of books just published, can show you  
how to grow more beautiful flowers, a greener lawn  
and healthier, handsomer shrubs and trees...

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You may examine *Annuals* for ten days with no obligation. If you decide to keep it, you pay only \$4.95 (\$5.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. Succeeding volumes from *THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING* will then be sent to you, one every other month, always on the same free trial basis and each at the same price of \$4.95. There is no minimum you must buy, and you may cancel your subscription at any time. To order your book, fill out and mail the postpaid form found inside these pages. Or write TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 6201, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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- which plants do best in city gardens
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- why you should be ready to nurture roses
- how to prune for more roses
- which roses are the hardest for your particular area of North America
- the tricks of raising blue ribbon vegetables in your garden
- the right ways of clipping a hedge
- when—and how—you should re-pot house plants
- the simple but drastic method for rejuvenating flowering shrubs
- what's good for beavers is good for anglers
- which trees and shrubs attract birds
- what is the best growing temperature for African violets
- which evergreens make the best wind-break
- why you should divide iris roots after three years

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Annuals contain nearly 200 full-color photographs and illustrations; its pages literally bloom with beautiful flowers... Chalice astra, calendula, morning glories, wax begonia, patient Lucy, lady slipper, Texas bluebonnets, creeping aconites... It also contains many helpful, easy-to-understand, step-by-step diagrams commissioned for this volume.



Examine  
**Annuals**  
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Each volume measures 8 1/2 x 11 inches; contains more than 160 pages with nearly 200 full-color illustrations and photographs; is indexed for quick reference.

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**NATURAL GAS ENERGY...THE NUTRITIONIST**



**Before long,  
starving people may be  
able to "eat" natural gas to  
get their protein.**



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Research, backed by Northern Illinois Gas Company, has uncovered a process which changes gas into a powder that's

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Better nutrition for a hungry world... just one of the exciting things to come from natural gas energy.

There's a lot more coming from natural gas energy.

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Gas Company**



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Long, high-band collars, double-button cuffs, in a blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton. Shirts that speak out. But only if you have something really important to say. **-Arrow-**

**Mach II by Arrow**

# SCORECARD

Edited by JOE OTTUM

## SO LONG, BIG SERVE

Last summer Tournament Director Bill Talbert introduced the nine-point sudden-death system at Forest Hills, the Jimmy Van Alen scoring method that puts an abrupt end to potential marathon sets of tennis. Now Talbert, running the U.S. Open show again this year as chairman and director, wants to go one step farther. To create longer rallies, "so rare in modern tennis," Talbert hopes to install a rule forcing the server to let his opponent's return bounce before coming to the net. In other words, no more "boom, boom, boom, boom. Big serve, volley, end of point. Ho hum."

Tennis should be the most thrilling of all sports, Talbert believes, but under its present structure the service has become too potent a weapon. "Server bungs one in and rushes to the net. If opponent returns it, the server is right there, poised for the killing volley. This means opponent must go for a winner on his return, an all-or-nothing shot that the net-rusher cannot handle. In either case the action is restricted to two or three strokes, and meanwhile the audience is dying of boredom."

Experiments show his plan will work, says Talbert. "There will be some strident cries of opposition, but I feel it is my obligation to instill more excitement in the game. After all, tennis needs crowds if it is to become a big-time spectator sport. The only time a crowd is brought to life is when there is a rally. If this is what the crowds want, why not give it to them?"

## ICY ASTERISK

Question: Who is the only goalie ever to score a goal in professional hockey? Answer: This is a brand-new entry in the trivia category, suitable for winning bar bets with hockey buffs. It turns out to be rookie Michel Plasse of the Central Hockey League's Kansas City Blues, whose goal came in the last 44 seconds of a recent encounter with the Oklahoma City Blazers. The Blazers, behind 2-1,

chose to leave their goal unattended and come out in a six-man attack. Zap! In came an Oklahoma shot. Goaltie Plasse blocked it, then flipped the puck high toward the Oklahoma net. "It was not the time to play with the puck," he says. "I was just trying to see it." He iced it right into the enemy goal, 3-1. End of game. Set 'em up, bartender.

## GORILLA MY DREAMS

Sport fans will find some statistical comfort in the latest news from Germany: the big apes in the Frankfurt Zoo have stopped tearing out their hair by the handfuls. And what does that have to do with sport statistics? We are getting to that part: zoo keepers determined that the reason the apes tore out their hair was that they were bored. Television sets were installed in the cages and, sure enough, the apes calmed down. The most popular programs were love scenes, weight lifting and auto racing. And that's two out of three. At least.

## WOOOOO? WELL, WE DO

The practice is frowned upon officially by the Kenya Football Association, but there is no formal law against it, so that's why Shariff Abubakar has just bought a Peugeot 403 and made a down payment on a house. Abubakar fixes soccer games, he explained last week, and since there are 200 clubs in Kenya, the practice pays off handsomely.

Well, fix might not be just the right word. Abubakar is a witch doctor, one of several in the country who specialize in soccer hexing for hire, and everybody knows it. In fact, just about everybody does it. According to Job Omino, the association secretary, 95% of the teams hire witch doctors, and one leading team's account books show that it spent £1,276 (\$3,062.40) witch-doctoring games last season.

The doctors use all sorts of stuff. Often herbal mixtures, tree sap and a touch of pig fat are smeared on the players and spells are put on the game

ball. One key game in Tanzania was delayed for an hour while a new ball was sought out after one side claimed that the first ball was bewitched. Further, Abubakar revealed, he incants a few key prayers where they count and he sometimes sacrifices a live goat or a chicken.

Swell. So much for Shariff Abubakar, and may he have a box of a good time next year. As for American football, we might as well double-check to be sure. Uh, did that ball feel a little slippery to you, Craig?

## THE ABOMINABLE SHOWJOS

He is a big critter, oh, maybe 700 to 1,000 pounds and 5' 6" tall. He has a 50-inch stride and leaves footprints measuring 16 to 17 inches across. He is the elusive, shadowy, apelike Sasquatch, the monster who roams the mountains of northeast Washington. Recently old Sasquatch has been clomping down from the high Cascades again, leaving dozens of those huge tracks around, and a lot of people are after him.

"He's no bear," says the No. 1 track-



er, a professional hunter named Ivan Marx, who has hired five helpers and has a big private grant (some say \$200,000) from the International Wildlife Conservation Society to find and identify the thing. The society has been assembling Sasquatch statistics for 11 years, but now Marx claims to have filmed proof of a 10-foot Sasquatch scuttling through the woods. He says the newest tracks around Colville come from a small Sasquatch, maybe a 500-pound-

continued

er, and that there are five of them around. The giant footprints also have been discovered at the Arden community dump and show that at least one Sasquatch has a limp, poor vision. His left pawprint, complete with toes, shows a malformation of the boxlike foot.

All this ruckus over the snow monster has noisily brought hundreds of curious tourists to the Colville area (would you believe dozens?) and a bit of business. But not all are sure they want him caught, even though Mars promises to let him go again after identification. Now bumper stickers are available proclaiming *SAVE OUR BASKETBALL*, and old Bigfoot has been made official mascot of Spokane Community College athletic teams. His likeness will go on team uniforms, which is pretty tricky, since nobody knows what his likeness looks like, and he will be immortalized in school cheers. Two, four, six, eight! Who do we appreciate? Sasquatch!

#### NEVER SAY NEIGH

Congratulations are in order for Gold-dust Shoemaker and Red Feather T, the sire and dam of a brand-new foal. Gold-dust Shoemaker is 31, and Red Feather T is no spring chicken of a mare at 24. Figuring equine aging at the accepted rate of three horse years to one human, that makes them 93 and 72 years old, respectively. Anyone for alfalfa?

#### HEARTS AND SHOWERS

Although there are a few more weeks to go in the basketball season, we now have undoubtedly the saddest story of 1971—and no more candidates, please. Enter the Yates Lions, a Houston high school team, wearing nifty new uniforms. Then game officials notice that the 13 uniform numbers listed in the scorebook are the old ones and do not match the new ones. They call 13 technical fouls. Up steps Milby High School's best foul shooter, and converts 10 of his 13 throws. Then, still as a result of those technicals, there is no starting tip-off. Instead, Milby gets the ball out of bounds, the game starts and Milby immediately scores. It is now 12-0, and Yates hasn't even touched the ball. And when it is all over the Lions have lost the game 71-69, plus the district co-championship.

Not sad enough? There is more. Those officials later admitted they were wrong. The rules say they should have called

only five technicals, covering the starting lineup, adding new technicals only if substitutes also wearing wrong numbers came in to play. Not that a little thing like that is going to make the Lions feel any better.

#### THE DANGEROUS GAME

It figures that Californian Robert Loibl would favor DDT—he owns a pest-control company—but his new experiment is something else again. Loibl, 60, and his wife, Louise, of North Hollywood, have begun eating DDT, 10 milligrams a day in capsule form, which they estimate is roughly 300 times more DDT than the average person might pick up in his daily diet. The Loibls are nearing the quarter mark in a 90-day program of ingesting the stuff and profess to feel fine. In fact "our appetite has increased; we feel so great," says Loibl.

The point exterminator Loibl is bent on making is that DDT is not deadly, as so many Americans seem to believe, but, rather, a benefactor of mankind, "an old friend" and a harmless one. Obviously the Loibls expect to come out of the test feeling chipper and all the better for it.

Perhaps they will. Perhaps even birds and other animals would survive similar tests. But the more pertinent point is not mere survival but the insidious, destructive, staying power of DDT, which in the case of human and animal life adversely affects eggs, offspring and future generations. If the Loibls were younger, say, and about to raise a family, their experiment might well touch their children and grandchildren on down the line with steadily degenerative effects.

#### WILL THE REAL JERRY...

Guess who is coming to play baseball, the Detroit Tigers told the world. None other than Wide Receiver Jerry Levas of the Houston Oilers, who told them he was tired of football. In fact "I don't ever want to go back," he said. "I'm tired of getting belted around... the quarterbacks haven't thrown to me because of jealousy."

So Detroit gave Jerry a uniform, and the newsmen took a lot of pictures. "We do need legs in this organization," said General Manager Jim Campbell. Said Head Scout Ed Katalinas of Levas, "He's got two big items on his side, unadulterated speed and great body control. He has what we call in

infielder's body. However, he has to condition his arm. We have to find out if he has major league potential. After three weeks or so he'll know and we'll know."

Well, they know now. United Press International, checking out the story, called the Oilers in Houston, they called Levas' home and the real Jerry came to the phone. "This is the greatest hoax I ever heard of," he said.

Back at camp in Lakeland the other Levas turned out to be 23-year-old William Douglas Street Jr. of Detroit, a full-time sports buff and part-time impostor who said he just wanted the chance to show them what he could do. "I was going to tell them the truth," he said. "I began to feel a little guilty when they started taking all those pictures."

So Street didn't make the team; the Tigers bought him a first-class air ticket back to Detroit (the coach section was full) and closed the episode. And anyway, they noted with a certain touch of moral righteousness, the kid had his chance. He had difficulty hitting and fielding, there was no zip in his arm and he didn't really run too fast. Couldn't have made the team even if he'd called himself Ty Cobb.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Rod Gilbert, New York Rangers, on why he punched Philadelphia Flyer Bill Lesuk in a tense game: "He hit me on the head with his stick. And he didn't apologize."

- Henry Aaron, responding to Jack Nicklaus' question: "What kind of golfer are you?" "Terrible. It took me 17 years to get 3,000 hits in baseball. I did it in one afternoon on the golf course."

- George Chalmers, Seattle boxing promoter, asked to explain what he meant by his term, "Half-a-David": "You know, a Half-a-David is one of those legal papers you prove things with."

- Walter J. Hickel, ex-Interior Secretary, defending the U.S. system: "I'm a perfect example of why the system works. I made it work for 22 months. If someone runs the four-minute mile and then he is shot, it doesn't mean the four-minute mile cannot be run."

- Mrs. John Sheblessy, referring to Cincinnati Bengal Tackle Mike Reid's recital before her music club: "He not only can play the piano. He can pick it up."

END



# The Wizard of Avis.

## It has nerves of steel, an electronic mind, and a heart of gold.



Avis is about to revolutionize the rent a car industry. We're building a computer system that will be the most advanced in the business (even though our present system is already the best in the business).

It will be called The Wizard of Avis. And it will do a lot of wonderful things for us and for you.

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The Wizard will also be programmed to be nice to people.

What all this means to you is that you'll be able to rent a sparkling new Plymouth or other fine car from Avis in less time, with less trouble, and for less money than ever before.

### **The Wizard will make renting a car ridiculously easy.**

And ridiculously fast. Because The Wizard will remember everything.

It will remember all the information you give it when you make your reservation. And it will remember where every car is, has been and will be. Then, it will automatically locate the exact type of car you want and have it waiting for you wherever and whenever you want it.

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You can't make things much easier than that.

### **The Wizard will save you trouble.**

Whenever you rent a Plymouth from Avis, you'll know exactly what you're getting. Because

The Wizard will maintain a running history of every Avis car in operation.

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All Avis terminals that are hooked up to The Wizard will have something special called a "prompter." Each time a car is rented, the "prompter" will flash a series of messages to quickly guide the rental agent through the complete transaction.

The "prompter" will make sure the rental agent doesn't forget anything.

### **When will The Wizard begin?**

The first part of The Wizard will be ready in a few months when it will begin handling corporate accounts.

The new reservation system will be ready in early 1972. The first automated car rental counter terminal will be in operation a few months later. And the full system, by the end of 1972.

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It may seem like a long time to wait for The Wizard, but look at it this way.

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## TV TALK

A court test and some new attractions could open up the closed-circuit world

The attention paid lately to cable television and the certainty that the video cassette is not too far in the future have obscured the regeneration of a familiar old form of the media—theater, or closed-circuit, TV. All by himself that indomitable showman, Muhammad Ali, has brought closed-circuit television back to million-dollar prominence, but this alone is a deceptive sign of resurgence. The very reason that closed-circuit TV has never become a broad force is that it has been too content to exist on one attraction—heavyweight championship fights.

Ali's fight with Joe Frazier will break all records and hold them until the night Jack Kent Cooke convinces the Beatles they ought to team up again. But heavyweight championships are exceptional events and should not be given undue weight in the closed-circuit equation. The future lies not with attractions of such massive public interest, but with those that appeal to devoted specialty audiences. The World Cup soccer matches, which drew 500,000 paying theater fans in the U.S., Canada and Mexico, proved that. On network TV, consumed as it is by the rating game, there was no more hope for soccer than for chess. Theaters and arenas, however, are small enough to support loyal crowds with precise interests. In San Francisco a young travel agent gambled on the World Cup and sold out the Cow Palace twice, with all 14,000 seats at no less than \$5. Many big auto races are on closed-circuit now, with the Indianapolis and Daytona 500s drawing 2,000 and more in many cities—and at Broadway prices (\$7.50 plus) that prove people do not mind paying if they like something enough. Wimbledon, El Cid and the NHL and NBA playoffs (on the nights they are not on network TV) are other immediate attractions for the big screens, which added color in the last year.

Yet the real boom may come on an even more specialized basis—where there is, in a small area, intense interest in an event but not enough seats. So far, only professional basketball and college football have effectively employed closed-circuit TV for local fans. Last spring during the NBA playoffs the Lakers piped the games into eight arenas and theaters in the Los Angeles area and grossed \$110,000. LSU sold out three campus locations—4,500 seats—for its football game at Notre Dame. Purdue drew almost as many indoor fans when it played the Irish at South Bend. Although closed-circuit basketball floundered at the University of Kentucky this winter, apparently because of bad timing around the Christmas holidays, some schools are considering selling closed-circuit season tickets for a package

continued



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#### TV TALK *continued*

of away games. That could be the next big step for closed-circuit sports.

As a device to handle the home sellout overflow, closed-circuit TV long has been of concern to sports promoters and leagues, notably the NFL. Pro football fears that closed-circuit might offer such quality and comfort that fans would rather pay to go to a warm theater than to a cold ball park. The NFL does not exactly encourage its teams to put home games on closed-circuit, even when a game is sold out. Last year, when closed-circuit TV of the Super Bowl was not permitted in the blacked-out New Orleans area, the NFL was sued by Management Television Systems, Inc., one of the leading closed-circuit firms, whose chairman is E. William Henry, a former head of the Federal Communications Commission.

MTS has an interesting case, for whereas federal law protects the NFL home-TV blackout, Henry claims there is no legal support offered the NFL in its closed-circuit policies. Indeed, the Government has constantly supported the general notion of public title to the air waves. According to Henry, all that mumbo-jumbo at the close of football games about needing to obtain rebroadcast rights is not, legally, worth the breath wasted. If this theory proves correct, here is a real possibility.

The Jets are blacked out for their '71 conference final at home, a game that will decide the race. Of course, the game does go into the NBC outlet in nearby Philadelphia. With the proper equipment, the telecast could be lifted and brought right into Madison Square Garden, where another 20,000 New York fans could see the game that was being played at Shea Stadium. The lawsuits involved in this one probably would keep lawyers rich until Super Bowl MCXVI.

Henry, the enthusiastic MTS boss, sees only two prerequisites for an event to succeed on closed-circuit TV. "It must be popular in the area and it should not be on home TV in the area." Besides sports, he envisions new specialized theater networks for opera, Broadway shows and college attractions, from Ralph Nader to rock. "We think we can be the answer to Woodstock," he says, pointing out that while the quality of music could be retained, even improved, the crowds could be dispersed and under control. Sadly, a similar use of closed-circuit television may be needed to save high school athletics from its own violence in many cities.

There is almost certainly going to be a more active closed-circuit game ahead, and a large portion of it will be in sports. With the addition of color and improvement of quality, theater sports fans are already catching on: they boo the officials and stand up for the national anthem.

—FRANK D'UDDO

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# AT THE BELL...

... millions around the world will lean forward, the anticipation over, the moment now at hand when two of the best their sport has known saddle who deserves the title that only one can have

by MARK KRAM

He will be the first in the ring, so look at him with honest eyes because you probably will never see such impeccable talent again. Assessed by the familiar standards—punch, size, speed, intelligence, command and imagination—he is without peer and there is nothing he cannot or will not do in a ring. In the esthetics of boxing, Muhammad Ali transcends the fighter. He is a Balanchine, a Delli, the ultimate action poet who has lifted so primordial an act to eloquent, sometimes weird, beauty. But for all his gifts, it is his fear of future, of the moment, that is his real strength. All fighters have it, but few shape it into such a positive force. It seems to be the catalyst, the thing that detonates his intense public displays, his psychological war dance that opens the floodgates for his talent.

Move across now to the other corner and there you will see the finest gladiator—in the purest sense of the word—in heavyweight history. To picture Joe Frazier one must recall what happened to Jerry Quarry when he elected to work within Frazier's perimeter. It was like the *Wolfsmarkt* crossing into Russia—and the end was the same. Even the most cynical of boxing people look at Frazier and rhapsodize about his drilling aggression, his volume of threshing-blade punches that make you forget his short arms. He does not have the single, crumpling punch of Marciano, or the sudden ferocity of Dempsey, but he is more mobile than either, and much better to watch. It is that animal joy that he exudes; one has the feeling that he

continued

has watched a man bring honesty, a nobility of spirit to his work.

Like deadly weaponry projected from opposite ends of the earth, Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier collide Monday night at Madison Square Garden for the final sorting out of the heavyweight championship of the world. In itself, that is enough, but there is much more here than a title. This is the international sporting event of our age, one of the great dramas of our time created by a unique permutation of factors: Ali's unjust exile, his sudden pyrotechnic presence and the political climate that demanded that return; the \$2.5 million for each fighter, a bold, brilliant promotional gamble; the beautiful evolution of Joe Frazier, and the reality that both Ali and Frazier might retire no matter what happens.

The thrust of this fight on the public consciousness is incalculable. It has been a ceaseless whir that seems to have grown in deceit with each new soliloquy by Ali, with each dead calm promise by Frazier. It has magnified the imagination of ring theorists, and flushed out polemics of every persuasion. It has cut deep into the thicket of our national attitudes, and it is a conversational imperative everywhere—from the gabble of big-city saloons and factory lunch breaks rife with unreasoning labels, to ghetto saloons with their own false labels.

No two peoples consider or respond to the ring with the same emotion. It is a rite of blood and manhood to the Latins, and what they bring to it is hysteria. Because of their innate, quiet pugnacity, the English see it intimately, the same way that the French see themselves pridefully in the works of Racine and Molière at the Comédie Française. As for the Swedes, who banned it, they never could make up their minds about the ring, and with their heavy sadness they always seem suspended between shame and a zealous need to be in communion with a victim. How the Russians approach the ring cannot be gauged accurately, but there seems small doubt about what they would do with a champion in the propaganda market.

Americans are the most curious in their reaction to a heavyweight title bout, especially one of this scope. To some, the styles and personalities of the fighters seem to provide the paraphernalia of a forum, the issue becomes a sieve through which they feel compelled to



Both were smiling Olympic champions. Beyond that, they have little in common but excellence.

pour all of their fears and prejudices. Still others find it a convenient opportunity to dispense instant good and evil, right and wrong. The process is as old as hiving: the repelling bluff and bluster of John L. against the suavity and decorum of Gentleman Jim; the insidious malevolence of Johnson vs. the stolidity of Jeffries; the evil incarnate Liston against the vulnerable Patterson. It is a fluid script, crossing over religion, war, politics, race and much of what is so terribly human in all of us.

The fight—mainly an athletic spectacular for many, though it provokes almost unbearable anticipation—also appears to have released manic emotion. The disputation of the New Left comes at Frazier with its spongy thinking and pushbutton passion and seeks to color him white, to denounce him as a capitalist dupe and a Fifth Columnist to the black cause. Those on the other fringe, just as blindly rancorous, see in Ali all that is unhealthy in this country, which in essence means all they will not accept from a black man. For still others, numbed by the shock of a sharply evolving society, he means confusion: he was one of the first to start pouring their lemonade world down the drain.

Among the blacks there is only a whisper of feeling for Frazier, who is deeply cut by their reaction. He is pinned under the most powerful influence on black thought in the country. The militants view Ali as the Mahdi, the one man

who has circumvented what they believe to be an international white conspiracy. To the young he is identity, an incomparable hero of almost mythological dimension. They all need him badly, and they will not part with him easily. They know that if ever a fighter lived who could smash their symbol into fragments it is Joe Frazier. Out of anxiety, a sense of dread, they respond with the most syncretic of accusations; Frazier is the white man's champion, contrived and manipulated to destroy what is once again so close to the black man's heart and soul.

"When he gets to ringside," says Ali, "Frazier will feel like a traitor, though he's not. When he sees those women and those men aren't for him he'll feel a little weakening. He'll have a funny feeling, an angry feeling. Fear is going to come over him. He will realize that Muhammad Ali is the real champ. And he'll feel he's the underdog with the people. And he'll lose a little pride. The pressure will be so great that he'll feel it. Just gettin' on the ring alone with thousands and millions of eyes lookin' at you in those big arenas, and those hot lights comin' down that long aisle. It's going to be real frightful when he goes to his corner. He don't have nothing. But me . . . I have a cause."

It is one thing, however silly it may be, for the black man to impugn Frazier, but it is the worst sort of presumption for whites to denigrate him. Contrasted to Ali's past, Frazier's much more



expresses the hard reality—other than politics—of what the black man's life has been and is. Quality of life to Frazier meant a plow, hours and days in the subterranean heat, calluses as big as hen eggs on his hands, and just enough to eat from a table crowded by a huge family. He was raised in South Carolina's Beaufort County—where the Government first gave black people "forty acres and a mule," where a recent survey found abysmal poverty and a high percentage of parasites in the blood of black children, more than 50% of whom are infected. "Was I a Tom there . . . then?" asks Frazier.

Ali's early days in Louisville were those of a gifted prodigy rather than those of a ghetto kid. He was from a small family, and he lived and ate well. Work was foreign to him; he spent the summers on the baronial manor of William J. Reynolds, where he concentrated on boxing, playing and occasionally removing the leaves from the Reynolds swimming pool. He was paid \$7 a day and, according to a policeman named Joe Martin who shaped his early training, "He drank a gallon of milk a day. They had this milk machine out there where you just pulled the spigot." Ali seems to have been cut off from the harshness of black life. He talked big, dreamed great scenarios, and then found a way to translate them into reality—thanks to the suzable lift given to him by the same kind of white syndicate that has helped Frazier.

What the two reflect seems lamentably lost amid ideologies, emotions and a cross section of idiocy. Out of the ring, the true character of the fight is that Frazier and Ali encompass much of the best that sometimes is, and more often should be, in all of us—white and black. First, there is the courage of Ali, his obstinacy in the face of rank injustice and rejection. One may question his early motivation (which he himself did not fully understand) and, even now, ponder the argument that is so often posed about Thomas à Becket: Is a man less a saint because he tries to be a saint? After a while it was obvious that Ali was seeking political martyrdom. He got it, and he grew steadily and genuinely with his deed. His vision came high. He lost a fortune in his exile, all for a cause that has been neutralized by the slide of events and the vise of opinion.

If Ali, as some admirers think, is a

man of the future, a man whose wiring is so special that he reacts unlike any other yet seen, then Joe Frazier is a rare copy of the old, revered, indomitable man. He came north out of Beaufort, pointed himself in a direction, survived the corruptive influence of North Philadelphia and, with radar accuracy, reached his target. The country, the blacks, need an Ali, and so also is there much room for a Frazier. He feels just as deeply about his people, but he does not know the levers of political action, does not have the imagination for social combat. He understands only the right of the individual to be an individual, to survive and grow and be free of unfair pressures.

They have broken camp now, Ali in Miami, where critics blinked at his usual desultory gym work; Frazier in Philadelphia, where he was just as industrious as ever. But camps seldom reveal what will happen in a fight, and thus one defies speculation. Certain points, however, may be made. Frazier must be extremely careful in the early rounds, especially in the first two, when he usually has not quite achieved the pulsating rhythm that is so vital to his style. One can expect Frazier to crowd Ali, to cut his punching radius and to deal with Ali's height by trying to beat him to the body and arms in the hope of bringing the head down to a more workable level. It is unlikely that Frazier will gamble with many right hands to the head, for this would expose him to Ali's wicked flash of a left hook. He will have to absorb some pain from Ali's jab, but he must slip it quickly or he will never be able to put his fight together.

The possibility of a Frazier decision is not as absurd as it may seem—aggressiveness means points and Joe will definitely take the fight to Ali. In the end, though, the question, which Ali alone can answer, is: How much does he have left? He gave us no real evidence in the Quarry fight. He did what he had to do, but he did not labor long enough for any studied appraisal. He did get a lot of work against Oscar Bonavena, and what was seen was hardly vintage Ali. "The Bonavena fight saved him," says his trainer, Angelo Dundee. "He needed a tough, long fight and he got it. He's never been better. He will be something to watch." Even if he is, Ali will still be in for a hard night against the stark fact of Frazier—cut off from

the insulation of his fantasy world in which there is seldom any fact.

It behooves him to listen to the wise counsel of his mother, who snipped off to kiss him goodby before leaving for the Bahamas.

"Baby," she said, "don't underestimate this Frazier. Work hard, I'm too nervous."

"Don't worry, Mom," Ali said. "I'll be in top shape. He's a bum."

"Sonny . . . he's no bum," she said, and then kissed him again.

Whatever the result, there is ample precedent to support the possible occurrence of the unexpected, the ludicrous, the bizarre, especially in an Ali fight. Going all the way back to Johnson-Willard, which many still believe Johnson threw, heavyweight title bouts have often been shrouded in controversy. It remained for Ali, with some help, to make the improbable familiar: the two Liston spectacles; the Chuvato bout in which he allowed himself to be beaten to the body; the welter of claims of foul tactics when he was in with Terrell; and the night Patterson gimped about the ring because of a back injury and Ali cruelly taunted him. Critics and spectators are usually confused by these moments, and the reaction is often the growl of fix, for the most part an obsolete word in boxing today and certainly unrealistic in this fight.

Still, the prospect of odd incident, even a close decision for Frazier, offers the potential for trouble, and one can already sense sinister vibrations. So the fight cannot afford the slightest markiness: no breaches of rules and no confused interpretation of the rules. The referee, who should be black and not allowed to score, must be in absolute control; for him, scoring is diverting. Any bungling, any laxity in supervision is beyond consideration.

So now, with only the hallucinatory ranting of Ali to amuse us and whip the passions of his legions, we can only wait for the climax of the ring's strangest era. Wait and wonder if Ali will fulfill what he calls his divine destiny and deliver as romantic a moment as sport has ever known. Wait and feel the loneliness of Joe Frazier's position, sense his quiet desperation to remove the last obstacle in his life. Wait . . . as the drama tightens like a knotted rope in water.

END



# DOMINANCE OF THE SMILING BEAR

*The new Jack Nicklaus is trim, genial and smartly dressed but, as his win at the PGA shows, he still plays like the old Nicklaus—with power and determination. He may be the best the game ever had* **by DAN JENKINS**

**T**he 53rd PGA Championship belonged to Jack Nicklaus from the moment it was scheduled on a tough but dreary sort of course down off the turnpike near his Florida home. Who else but Nicklaus could have ignored the constantly annoying wind and even overpowered it? Who else knew that most of the putts broke toward the turnpike? Who else had his major adversary, Gary Player, staying in the guest room so he could keep an eye on him? And, anyhow, who else is the greatest golfer of our age and should have won?

One of the interesting things about the way Nicklaus goes about his these days—things like winning another major title in his historical jog through the record books—is that he seems to take the shape of the real Jack Nicklaus only at the big events, like last week's.

If one had made book on who was ready and who was not for the championship at the PGA National Golf Club in Palm Beach Gardens, Nicklaus would have been among those who could not possibly have been ready. There had been seven tournaments on the calendar in 1971. Jack had appeared in only three, and he had played decently in only one.

Although he certainly was familiar with what the playing conditions of the area would be—the wind and slow greens—and although he lived only 10 minutes away, there was also the fact that Nicklaus had not practiced at all on the championship course until less than a week before the PGA began. Well, who would choose to play Palm Beach Gardens when he could play Semmole, or Pine Tree, or some of the better layouts around—or go fishing?

The fact of the matter is that Nicklaus, having been so successful already in his chosen field at so young an age, has nothing much to get up for now except the big ones. When he's ready, when he's relaxed and emotionally right, there's nothing much anyone else can

do about it. It was that way with Bobby Jones and Ben Hogan, and perhaps one or two others. Last week he was ready. His game was not especially sharp, but his concentration was rigid, his desire immense and the surroundings familiar. The combination was unbeatable.

Technically, it started being unbeatable in Thursday's first round when Jack had an atrocious afternoon of shot-making and still took the lead in the tournament, when he turned what easily might have been a 76 into a 69 by staying within himself, keeping his confidence and knowing the greens. When he one-putted eight of the last 10 holes of that round, it was a signal that it had to be Jack's week. He had the turnpike touch. Now that he had scored well on a bad day, what would he do if he played well?

He would never lose the lead again, that's what. His second-round 69 and third-round 70 put him four strokes ahead of everybody on a course that was too long and windy to relinquish many scoring scores. Jack's problem on the last day, Sunday, was only to keep from giving away the championship, as Arnold Palmer had once given away the U.S. Open and as Billy Casper had lost his grip on the Masters a couple of years ago.

"I've been pointing to this with the way I've conducted my life," Jack said later. "I worked on my game at home instead of on the tour, and I relaxed a lot. You build up a mental attitude about a major championship. Mine was good. It wasn't important that I played the course a lot, because I knew the course."

"I felt like it was my tournament all along after Thursday," he added. "I wanted to avoid only one thing. I didn't want to have to make a 4 at 18 on Sunday to win it. That's a hard hole."

A few guys crept into the act when Jack started off badly in the last round. It wasn't that he played badly—"I wasn't

getting the results on some shots into the wind that I'd been getting," he explained—but he hogged three of the first five holes. This allowed for some mild drama in the closing hour. Out of nowhere came people like Player, who was a very real threat on Sunday until he ran into a string of misfortune; Gibby Gilbert, who stayed surprisingly close; the 52-year-old Tommy Bolt, who closed with successive 69s, and, ultimately, Casper, who was playing in Florida for the first time in two years (he doesn't like the pesticides). Casper made a couple of 30-foot putts, blew a couple of short ones and then closed with good birdies on 17 and 18, where he danced an uncharacteristic jig when his long putt dropped. Lo and behold, there was Casper with a 68 and a five-under total of 283. Nicklaus, six under, was only a stroke ahead as he drove on the 17th.

By that time, everyone else was out of it—chiefly Player, who struck a terrible drive at the 15th hole that bounced on a cart path and over a fence. Out of bounds, out of contention. Just like that. "I hadn't thought of Casper all day," Nicklaus said. "Now I'm on the 17th with a one-shot lead. If I don't birdie the 17th, I'm in exactly the situation I don't want to be in. I'll have to make 4 on 18 to win."

Nicklaus played the long 17th with a spoon off the tee ("If I'd known about Casper's birdie at 18 in time, I'd have used a driver"), a one-iron perfectly down the middle and a wedge to the green, about five feet from the cup.

"When you point for something so long, you want it to end up sweet," Jack said. "The birdie putt on 17, I felt, was it. I said to myself, 'Work hard on this one and you've got it.'"

*continued*

*In any shirt on any day, the newly colorful Nicklaus was intense on the greens, strong in the rough and ebullient in final victory.*





He waited, concentrated and rained it in. Now he could afford the luxury of driving off the long 18th with a one-iron to avoid a water hazard. Nicklaus, in fact, is about the only guy anywhere who could have driven off 18 into that wind with a one-iron and still have been able to get near the green with a succeeding two-iron. Earlier, he had used a one-iron into the wind on the 232-yard, par-3 11th and had driven the green. Actually, he went off the left edge of it and ended up with a bogey 4, but the point is he drove it with an iron. On that same hole Billy Casper used a driver in an attempt to reach the green and later said, "It was the hardest drive I ever hit in my life."

What Nicklaus was doing on 18 was playing for a cinch bogey and a possible par, since the birdie on 17 had given him the cushion he wanted. So he made a par anyhow, with a nice chip and a short putt. This gave him a closing 73, a two-stroke edge on Casper and victory with a seven-under-par 281.

It was his second PGA title, of course, but it was more than that. It was his 11th major championship when you total it up: two U.S. Opens, three Masters, two British Opens, two U.S. Amateurs and now two PGAs. And he is still only 31 years old. Walter Hagen won as many major titles, but of all the fine golfers in the game's history only Bobby Jones (with 13) has won more.

"I'll be honest about it," said Jack. "I want to win more than Jones. That's what you play for, to separate yourself from the crowd."

Because by Sunday things had narrowed down to what looked for a time like a two-man show between Nicklaus and his house guest, there was naturally a lot of speculation about how the two of them would spend Saturday evening. You know. Would Gary and Jack watch Lawrence Welk, go moonlight swimming, play gin, or what?

Nothing quite so fascinating took place. Player didn't even stay home. He chartered a plane and flew to Miami for dinner with some business associates. Jack cooked steaks for some visitors, the Deane Bemans and a neighboring couple who dropped by. Nicklaus was

just beginning to yawn when Gary came back from Miami about 10. They would both have gone to bed then if *Momus*, one of their favorite TV shows, hadn't come on. So they stayed up an extra hour watching *Momus*, who was saved this time by a bullet-proof pane of glass, and then went to bed.

"The only thing I'm going to be sure of in the morning," Player said, "is that I switch plates with Jack when Barbara serves breakfast. I'm the only one near him, I might get poisoned."

That was a good joke, of course, but there were others, like their act the following morning. On Sunday, Player and Nicklaus entered the locker room separately, about a moment apart, as if they were strangers. But since they locked about five feet from one another, the opportunity was perfect for the kind of exchange that columnists for afternoon papers dearly love, and Jack and Gary made the most of it.

"Gary will answer any of my questions," Jack said, sitting there in his bright yellow shirt, glowing with color next to Player, who was back in his warlike black instead of the lively stripes he had worn on Saturday.

Someone dutifully asked Gary what they had enjoyed for breakfast in the Nicklaus household.

"It doesn't matter," said Jack. "He puts catsup on everything, anyhow."

Hearty laughter.

"Barbara's getting a complex," Nicklaus went on. "She gives him a cheese omelet, he pours catsup all over it. She cooks him a steak, he pours catsup all over it. A couple of fried eggs, catsup all over it."

Player broke in. "So would you if you had a catsup contract?"

Room-filling laughter all around.

"I didn't know you had a catsup contract," said Jack.

"I will when these fellows get through writing about it," Player said.

Backbreaking laughter.

There were jokes earlier in the week about the course or, at any rate, its location. The PGA National Golf Club is way out there in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by vast reaches of nothing much except an occasional condominium or signboard. From a distance the clubhouse looks like the world's largest roof—it is a dark kind of blue-green and hovers over a massive structure of faded, just-mussed pink. The place lacks

charm and scenery, and the championship was scheduled there at this time of year only because of a clause in the contract between the PGA and John D. MacArthur, owner of the property and practically the owner of the PGA itself. MacArthur wanted the championship to be played at the course sometime and since hot old Florida certainly couldn't be the site in July or August, traditional time for the PGA, February was elected. Next year the tournament will go back to the old date—and back to clubs with more history and charm. Not to harp too much on the subject, the Palm Beach course was a good, tough test of golf without providing true championship atmosphere or flavor or style.

None of this was very important to persons who wanted only to watch good golf. There was plenty of that, and not just where Nicklaus was. It was all around, way out there in the distance where the course disappeared into a curious blend of emptiness and wind. Bob Murphy, for instance, jolted the place with five birdies in a row on Friday, despite a fever and sore throat.

The other minor characters in the week's drama, the Palmers and Players and Gilberts and Bolts, shot scores that everybody thought would be good enough to make them serious challengers. The course was demanding, and a round of 72 was considered just fine. As a matter of fact, without Nicklaus' strong performance, the championship would have been a dazzling race and probably shot through with suspense. Anything could have happened—Palmer made some moves once he got rid of his habit of missing six-inch putts which he did twice. "And I had both hands on the putter, too," Palmer said. "Both times."

And so what if the course wasn't classy enough? The championship is. Winning it means Jack Nicklaus is the only man in the world with a chance to take all four major championships this year—the PGA now, the Masters at Augusta in April, the Open at Merion in June, the British Open at Royal Birkdale in July. Certainly, conditions are right. Nicklaus holds the Masters record with 271, once shot a 269 at Merion in a World Amateur Team Championship and has won two British Opens already. And don't assume the thought is not in his mind. "I can't wait to get to Augusta," he said last Sunday. **END**

*Left behind by Nicklaus, black-shirted Gary Player was still determined. Tommy Bolt surprising. Billy Casper (below) delt as ever*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES SHAW AND KALEY HOOT JR.

# THE HAWKS: FOULED UP BUT FLOURISHING

*Thanks to the divisional draw, not their own eccentric efforts, the muddled, Maraviched Atlantans should make the playoffs* **by FRANK DEFORD**

The Atlanta Hawks, suddenly a veritable juggernaut in what their coach calls "the slob race," were on the road again last week in their quest for a second-place playoff spot. Reaching for his hotel-room key, Lou Hudson tried a very familiar tune. "Here we go a-radin' on the Maravich Express," he sang. The

Hawks, playing at a giddy 380 pace, were actually alive and kicking. Indeed, they were even kicking some other teams for a change.

The Hawks seldom do anything they are supposed to do, especially around championship time. So there is no reason to imagine they won't borge right



*When Bellamy feels on top of things, he dunks; as for Pete, he flies and lets fly.*

into the playoffs, and even make some mischief there. Still, considering how poorly all the other allegedly good teams in the NBA are playing—those in the Midwest Division excepted—Atlanta is presently just as qualified to get wall-lipped by Milwaukee as anybody else.

By any measure of logic—and justice—the Hawks should have been playing garbage time from Thanksgiving on, but the lack of the NBA's four-way divisional split has left Atlanta with only Cincinnati to beat out for the playoff spot behind Baltimore in the Central Division. By contrast, Detroit, in the Midwest, has played around .600 all season but seems locked out of everything, behind Milwaukee, Chicago and even Phoenix. Of course even if Atlanta makes the playoffs, even if it goes to the finals and even if it wins, for pity's sake, it is still going to get the fifth draft pick, for those are determined by win-loss percentages.

Basketball's unique Atlanta campaign has been strangely profitable for those involved, which is hard to do when .380 is a win-loss record instead of a batting average. While the signing of Pete Maravich for about \$1,600,000 last spring cost the team its key figure, Joe Caldwell—he jumped leagues—attendance is up an average of 2,000 in the tiny gym in which the Hawks play. And, figuring TV and concessions, Atlanta has already gotten back about \$100,000 of its Pistol Pete investment. At the same time, the Maravich money has brought a lot of misery. "I hope we never have to live through another year like this one," Coach Richie Guerin says. Maravich says: "I have experienced every type of change that can possibly face a human in sports." His backcourt partner, Walt Hazzard, says, "When things are going bad, the whole air is bad, and it becomes even hard to live together."

Understandably, there was resentment from the veterans about the money Maravich got. It was specifically for that reason that Caldwell took his leave and found himself a much better financial deal with the Carolina Cougars of the ABA. The fact that Atlanta's management let Caldwell get away (and Zelmo Beaty the year before him) probably irks the Hawks more than the fact that man-

agement went to such financial lengths not to let Maravich get away. The rookie's carnival style and the public pressures to rush him into the lineup did not sit well with some of his older teammates, either. There are also less obvious problems that have enervated the Hawks this season, although most of them have been submerged for now as the team moves along, falling up into the playoffs. The players seem almost embarrassed to be still in contention and resigned to the fact that there will be further changes made after the season, whatever happens.

The Hawks have always been—on the court—a close, unselfish unit, which helps account for why Caldwell has been missed so desperately. He was the league's most versatile defensive prop-

erty—perhaps the best—and the steward of the team's fast-break game. His departure removed a very important cog, one that affected every part of the machine. Paradoxically, although renowned for their tight team play, the Hawks long have been made up of strong-willed, even stubborn, individuals whose independent views sometimes led to collision. Hazzard says, "I know exactly what you mean, and I don't like it, but I have to admit it's true."

Even last year, as the Hawks rolled to the Western Division title looking for all the world like the Good Ship Lollipop, there were fractious team meetings that sometimes deteriorated into shouting contests, with resolution by fistcuffs being suggested. Changes in the location of the franchise, in ownership and in

*continued*



*Always accurate from outside, Huston really loosens up defenses when he decides to drive.*

management have hardly contributed to a stable atmosphere. Guerin, the one constant in the enterprise, long ago was required to become the linchpin of the organization, not just merely the coach. In holding things together, he has had some stern confrontations. At training camp this September he felt compelled to briefly suspend the team captain, Bill Bridges—an omen for the whole lost season, some would say.

In any event, while Maravich did not walk into what could be called an explosive situation, he did encounter a group of proud men who had a history of free expression. There is no evidence that he met any racial animosity; it was not Pete who set Maravich up as a white hope. However, the issue was complicated by the fact that the Hawks had felt slighted by the press for years, and it turned out to be more painful having attention directed solely at Maravich than having no attention paid to the team at all. ABC bought TV rights to the defending Western Division champion's opening game, but a clause spec-

ified that the network could cancel out if Pete were previously injured.

Curiously, Maravich's relations with the regular Atlanta reporters—who tabulate his turnovers as well as his scoring totals—have been strained. In one burst of petulance, he snarled at Frank Hyland of the *Atlanta Journal*, "If I had a gun, I'd shoot you."

One mistake Maravich may have made, especially with his teammates, was never letting anybody else pick up a check. It was a well-intentioned effort, but some players resented it, seeing ostentation where Maravich sincerely intended generosity.

True to form, though, the Hawks did not allow their personal opinions to affect their basketball. They have played poorly because they have played poorly; they have not needed any dark intrigues to foul themselves up. The absence of Caldwell was serious from the start, and then came the problem of adjusting to Maravich's style. He is enjoying a 22 season, frequently passes brilliantly and is a legitimate Rookie of

the Year candidate. But he still dribbles around too much, often leading Hazzard into the same fault, it seems. The Hawks waste so much time before they set up that they frequently have no time left for options if their play doesn't work. There is a problem at the other end of the court, too. Chicago Coach Dick Motta has characterized Maravich's defense as bearing considerable resemblance to "the lend-lease program," but the whole team defense is in disarray.

On offense, the Hawks were one-dimensional until recently, depending upon the shooting of Hudson and Maravich from 20 feet out. But then Hazzard started getting the ball made to Center Walter Bellamy, and Bellamy started putting it up when he got it. When Bellamy shoots, it opens the whole tent up to three rings instead of offering just a backcourt sideshow.

Though Bellamy has often been tagged as a scapegoat in the past, he is off the hook this year. Hazzard, who was on the trading block earlier (for example, for Dave Sealworth of the Knicks), maintains that since the Hawks started winning around All-Star time, Bellamy has been the best center in the league, after Alekandar. It is worth considering that Atlanta's playoff opponents figure to be New York and then Baltimore, teams that have had Bellamy and let him go, claiming good riddance. The Hawks match up very well against the Knicks in style, speed and personnel, too. Bellamy could be the key.

Says Cincinnati Coach Bob Cousy: "I've read some statements that, unlike Cincinnati, Atlanta can stay in the game with anybody. I think the Hawks are kidding themselves. In order to do this, they need a consistent, sustained effort from Bellamy. Maybe he can do it, but so far as I'm concerned he hasn't done it in seven or eight years."

At one time the Hawks were all of 7½ games behind the Royals, but helped by Cincinnati injuries as much as by their own laissez-faire efforts, they finally caught up last week. While losing a game in Boston Friday night in overtime, however, they played in a style that seemed to reflect all the frustrations and failings of the whole season.

The Hawks outthundered the Celtics, for example, but lost that advantage on the floor, yielding nine more turnovers than Boston did, six of them in the five-minute overtime. Often the Hawks had



The two so sorely missed this year are Caldwell (left), in an expensive moment while still a Hawk, and Basty, whose pivot play has contributed to Utah's having the best ABA record.





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difficulty executing the most elementary procedure, like getting the ball passed inbound. The Celtics hunted the Hawks time and again with fast breakaways, maneuvers that Caldwell specialized in preventing.

Scrambling and hustling for stretches, Atlanta suddenly lapse into indifferent periods and appear distracted and purposeless. For fully nine minutes of the third quarter, the only two Hawks to score were Hudson and Muravich, firing long jumpers.

Atlanta finally tied the score early in the last period and managed to get the Celtics into foul trouble with less than three minutes gone in the quarter. As Guerin began to simmer on the bench, however, his team persistently failed to take advantage of this situation by working the ball in for forcing drives that would produce more fouls or easy scores. Midway through the period he called time out and lit into Hazzard for not getting the ball underneath on the previous play. Hazzard protested that by the time he received the ball and started to set something up, other Hawks had frittered away so much of the 24-second clock that there was no time left for anything but a long bomb.

One of Guerin's most valuable qualities as a coach is the rare ability to blow his top at a player and then forget the whole matter. He only criticizes "in motion," as Hazzard characterizes it; no grudge is left. Never was this more evident than at the end of the regulation game when the Hawks got the ball with three seconds left and the score tied. Guerin set the play for Hudson,

but Bridges was forced to pass in to Muravich, who panicked and shot off-balance and from too far away as soon as he got the ball. Guerin tore into Pete at the bench so vehemently that the exchange was clearly visible all over Boston Garden. Hazzard rushed in to defend the rookie, so Guerin shifted his fire to him. Bridges had to intervene and shove Hazzard away. Hardly two minutes later, during a time-out, Guerin and Hazzard stood on the court, each with an arm around the other's back and coolly discussed strategy at length, if to no avail.

Rarely has the regular NBA season appeared to have less relation to the playoffs. The performances of teams like New York, Baltimore and Los Angeles—ones that got out in front of their divisions early and muddled along thereafter—provide few clues as to how they might play when they really have to win again. Big salaries, merger rumors, the lopsided divisional standings and a lot of back-alley loose talk have created a feeling of restlessness on many teams. The players anticipate a trading binge this summer. For many clubs it has been a dull, dissatisfying year.

The Hawks differ only in the sense that their disillusion and discouragement extend farther back, and their prize rookie has focused a spotlight on the entire team. There is no telling how the Hawks will respond to the fresh incentive of the playoffs—whether they will see them as a miraculous opportunity for redemption or whether they will only stagger on without resolution, grateful to have the season over at last.

END

And the floundering and uncertainty. Guerin's strong hand assures a measure of continuity



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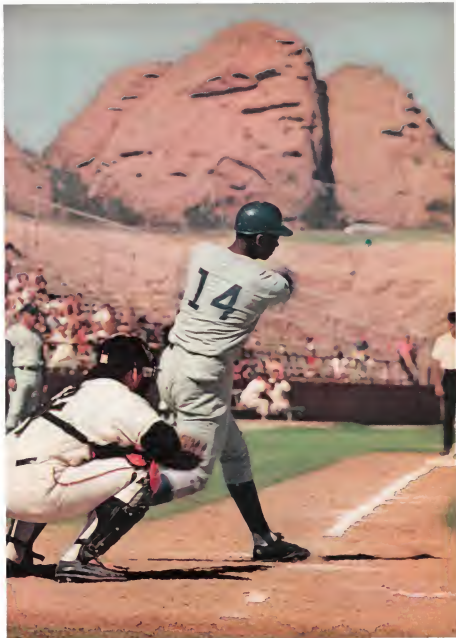
# YIPPY-I-O-KI-AY, SPRING AGAIN!



*It is called the Cactus League, and the Indians, who train in Tucson, can wallop to their hearts' delight among the giant saguaros that poke their fingers 60 feet into the dry Arizona sky. This is baseball's Western training ground, home in the spring to the Cubs and A's and Giants and Brewers and Padres. Even though it reaches to effete Palm Springs, Calif., where the Angels romp among tropical plants as lush as any found in Florida, the image is still Cisco Kid and last frontier. The fans are a lot younger than they are back East, and louder. They let a slugger like Ernie Banks (right) know it when they want him to pull one over Scottsdale's Camelback Mountain.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SNEED & LONG









forced in and loving it, some Oakland A's soak up the Ar-  
 izonan sun, even as their state rivals, the Angels, wring  
 out for that detested rite of spring, the wind spin. But  
 when the exhibition games begin, only the horn-tooting trea-  
 sure hunt are casual. With almost every job at stake, the  
 competition is as deadly as a Gila monster's bite. Plus ball.





BALLS		STRIKES										OUTS		
INNINGS		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	TOTAL
CUBS	1													
ATHLETICS														20





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CHARCOAL  
 MELLOWED  
 DROP  
 DROP  
 BY DROP

How Holo, as the Angels call their most robust fan, arrives for a Palm Springs exhibition game in his midwestern uniform featuring the autographed jacket and the electric headband. In Scottsdale a mini-Bleacher Bum, complete with helmet, girls for a session of Cub watching in the typically informal park. Some Cactus League scoreboards are hand operated and the stands are the kind that splinter.



THREE STYLES of Hollywood tennis and tennis attire are shown off by Actress Elke Sommer (left), Actor Gilbert Roland, Singer Dinah Shore.

## HOLLYWOOD TENNIS DOES SOCKO BIZ

Those friendly star-studded games they put together on weekends out in filmland are not always what they seem. In any case, the action can be pretty fast, both on and off the courts

by **DEBORAH HABER**



patronized, the favored spas frequented to keep up the appropriate facade of optimism and chic. Above all, the sporting show must go on. And, in Hollywood's case, that means tennis, the game that's everybody's racket.

As played by Hollywood's net-setters, tennis is more than good exercise. Agents have been known to play their way into a deal or a producership on the court of a studio head. Many a promising actress (Raquel Welch for one) has found a fetching courtside manner as remunerative as two seasons in summer stock. If Britain's battles are won on the playing fields of Eton, Hollywood's are often settled on the middle courts of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club.

The tennis court as a connection has been used since Hollywood's heyday. People still remember the tennis afternoons at Jack Warner's house in Bel Air. The procession of hungry actors and actresses who snapped up invitations to his Sunday games was as eager as any that showed up for command performances at Buckingham Palace. "The food was always great, the setting fabulous, the girls first-rate," says one veteran of those glorious weekends.

William Randolph Hearst's magnificent estate at San Simeon was the site of many a star-studded doubles match in the old days. Hearst used to invite trainloads of celebrities for weekends of relaxation and tennis. If you explained that you had no tennis clothing along, Hearst would have a selection of new tops brought out and then would show you to a collection of dozens of tennis rackets from which you could make your choice. Dick Powell once recalled how Hearst kept much younger and more agile players hopping from sideline to sideline with his accurate placements, while handling most returns without moving more than a few steps. The Chief seldom lost.

Besides the opportunity tennis offers for solid show-biz contacts, it has always been a big game in Hollywood for the image it projects. Loring Fiske, a tennis pro and veteran of the Hollywood tennis wars, remembers how Clark Gable pursued a youthful image by having his still photographs show him in tennis clothes. "He had long since given up the game," Fiske says, "but he was trying to create the image of virility and vitality."

Not that all tennis in Hollywood is strictly for show. Most games, once started, are usually for blood, and the players are as eager as actors at option time—which many of them turn out to be. They may go to extraordinary lengths to gain advantage over rivals. One builder was told by a film mogul to make his tennis-court surface very fast. "I'm not that good," the executive said, "but I occasionally make a great shot, and I like to make sure it's not returned." Another sport had his net cut off a few inches above the ground, just enough to distort his opponent's perspective. His excuse for it was that the gap at the bottom of the net made the recovery of balls easier.

Ringers are frequently recruited. One San Diego tennis pro recalls being flown up as a partner in a doubles match involving a Bel Air businessman. "It cost him as much to hire me as he won on the match," the pro recalls. "As far as I know they've never imported anybody from Australia, but it's only because they haven't thought of it yet."

Mrs. Bernie Tabokin, organizer for the town's most important social tennis tournament, Tennis and Crumpets, says of player enthusiasm: "They'll try anything to win. One father tried to enter his son as his partner in a 40-plus group we organized." His son was 16.

Sometimes a player lies about his prowess for other reasons. One aging actor from a pioneer TV cop show plays tennis well enough to win any of his club's senior events, but he refuses to enter. "He'd rather take on the 20-year-olds and risk a heart attack than admit he's over 50," says his pro. Says another observer of Hollywood tennis: "It's like watching a school of barracuda at feeding time."

A strict and well-defined pecking order attends nearly every aspect of tennis in the show-business colony. Whom you play with and where you play are every bit as important as how good, or how good a sport, you are. Dropping in at a public tennis court some evening on your way home from the studio is acceptable, but only if you don't make a habit of it. And when you get ready to join a tennis club, you'll want to keep the peculiar priorities of Hollywood tennis firmly in mind.

continued

It has not been a boffo year for Hollywood. The tides of economic recession and retrenchment—as they are wont from time to time—lap against the hillside and canyon enclaves the stars call home, and the sound of dropping options is heard in the land. The prospects for immediate improvement are, as *Variety* might say, iffy.

But if the business picture in the picture business is bearish, there has been no apparent letup in the town's hectic social pace. Previews still must be attended, the best restaurants and hustros

The Los Angeles Tennis Club is one of the best. It features a sprinkling of good movie names (Efrem Zimbalist Jr., Charlton Heston), but most of its members are solid burger types—doctors, brokers and businessmen. None of them are Negroes (although Arthur Ashe holds an honorary membership) or Jews. The entrance fee is \$2,000, and dues are \$30 a month.

A few blocks away is the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, which—despite its snitzy name—ranks slightly lower on the show-business tennis totem. It is a no-nonsense tennis club, with a low-key, Howard Johnson-type clubhouse and a tight membership (150) that includes some of the gold-plated names of the town: Richard Zanuck and Dean Martin, for example. A perennial attraction is Gilbert Roland, who plays there daily.

For those who don't belong to a tennis or country club (Riviera and Hillcrest are two of the town's more popular country clubs), there are always the courts at the Beverly Hills Hotel, which veritably bubble with social activity and gossip. Here pro Alex Olmedo, the genial Peruvian and past Wimbledon champion, gives lessons to all comers for \$20 an hour. Taking lessons from Olmedo is yet another status symbol around town. The hottest names among local teaching pros are Olmedo and Pancho Segura, formerly the resident pro at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. If he's in town and in the mood, Pancho Gonzales has been known to hit a few to VIPs. To remark that Gonzales is your tennis pro is comparable to letting slip that Jackie and Ari were your houseguests in Palm Springs last winter.

Well-known pros make out well financially. Patty Heard, who headquarters at the court of toy inventor and renowned eccentric Jack Ryan (whose residence is an English manor house, with moat, fire engine and 120 telephones), enjoys a flourishing clientele that includes Polly Bergen, Gary Crosby, Marge and Gower Champion, Olan Cannon and Barbra Streisand. Miss Heard's schedule is as mind-boggling as her host's domicile: she claims to have 539 clients and to give as many as 25 lessons a day and to be booked a year in advance.

Even when you take lessons from a top pro, tennis remains a tough game to master, and so most of Hollywood's busiest personalities aren't its best tennis players. Paul Newman, who likes ten-

nis and takes lessons, is described by Trake as "a fair player, but nowhere near the class of a Dahnrey Coleman or Lefty Brown." Dahnrey and Lefty are actors, too. They are not as busy as Newman.

Currently one of the circuit's greatest social successives is Joanna Ogner, the pretty blonde wife of a tennis-playing Volkswagen dealer from Bel Air. Known as the Perle Mesta of Hollywood's tennis crowd, Mrs. Ogner took up the game with a vengeance eight years ago. She now plays on a \$50,000 hand-finished court at her Bel Air home and has achieved a reputation for having this year's in place for social tennis. She has even put together a little red book with the names and numbers of more than 300 prospective tennis partners.

The secret of Mrs. Ogner's success as a tennis hostess may be her charms, her wealth or the fact that she draws some of Southern California's top-seeded tennis amateurs to mix with her show-biz and society guests. It is not unusual to find UCLA's Haroon Rahim and the Bruins' doubles ace, Steve Tidball, smashing tennis balls to one another or to Mrs. Ogner's guests on her sumptuous court. Her crowd also consists of husband Ivy, the Volkswagen man, Omaha Shore, Actors Jim Brown and Vince Edwards, Actress Elke Sommer (known affectionately as "The Brute" for her smashing returns), and pros like Olmedo, Segura, Tony Trabert, Tom Okker and occasionally even Gonzales.

Mrs. Ogner's weekly routine is centered around tennis. Her phone begins ringing early in the week with calls from people fishing for invitations to games the following weekend. She relies mostly on her red book for assembling her groups. "You look over the names and see whom you haven't seen in a long time and whom you'd like to know better, and you decide." By Wednesday the choices are made, the weekend booked.

Saturday is men-only day. "They're very serious and don't want to mess around," says Mrs. Ogner. Sunday is for mixed doubles—still serious tennis, but more relaxed. Lunch is served on the terrace overlooking the court, or in the 40-by-40-foot game room with wet bar, billiards table and a glass wall that provides a view of the court. Beverages, hard and soft, flow all day (her Coke and beer bill runs over \$150 a month).

Tennis mixes here are not chance af-

fairs, no matter how casual they may seem. She almost never matches a good tennis player with a poor one, unless the poor one happens to be a "fantastic-looking woman." She's found that "great tennis players don't mind playing with a girl who plays badly if she's pretty. A charming woman makes an interesting day." But Mrs. Ogner says, "If a girl isn't pretty or interesting or a terrific tennis player, she's not invited." She tries to get players together in combinations that stimulate interest, "whether business, romantic or tennis," she says. "Stockbrokers are often good tennis players. People are always bringing them over. They nose around a bit, find out what business the rest of the crowd is in and if they have money. They'll play with someone they're trying to make a connection with even if he's got one foot in the grave."

As Hollywood's *crème de la court*, Mrs. Ogner is often the target of some agile social climbing, including one producer whom she describes as "the world's most charming man, who won't have anything to do with you unless he can use you in some way." The producer in question, she says, got the backing for a TV pilot he wanted to make (still unsold) during a tennis afternoon at her court. "We'll know about his reputation," she laughs. "But when he uses you, it's with roses, so you don't really mind. Besides, he's a terrific tennis player." There are also the huntresses. "One girl calls me regularly to find out if Paul Monash, the producer of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, is playing," says Mrs. Ogner. "If he is, she appears as if by magic."

Some are invited to the Ogner court but never get back. Such banishment may result from refusing to play in a match with one of her other guests, for "dogging" a match, for failing to phone when they can't make it, or for being rude. Less serious, but irritating to the hostess, is turning up without your own tennis balls. "You'd be surprised how chintzy some people get when it comes to buying a can of balls." She estimates she spends \$70 a month on tennis balls alone.

Mrs. Ogner is far from chintzy herself. In addition to her weekly blow-outs, she hosts part of an annual tennis bash for the John Tracy Clinic in Los Angeles—a week-long club tourney sponsored by the Tennis and Crumpets group.

continued





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1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye  
½ oz. sweet vermouth

Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice, strain into glass.  
Add a cherry. Now use the recipe at right.  
See how a simple switch in basic liquor  
greatly improves this famous drink.

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Overall, the Ogners spend an estimated \$700 a month on the game. (Even her largesse has its limits. She put a lock on the phone in her game room when her bill hit \$1,000 one month last winter.)

Among the more than 200 privately owned courts in the Hollywood-Beverly Hills area (the tennis court has long since replaced the swimming pool as a symbol of social arrival) are a dozen or so that attract the climbers and the already-got-there's. Jack Hanson, the former ball-player who owns Jax sportswear and the popular Beverly Hills disco The Daisy, is enjoying a run of West Coast tennis swingers this season. Hanson and his wife Sally hold court in a lavish Beverly Hills home that once belonged to Pola Negri.

Sunday is the big day at the Hansons', and on any given weekend you're likely to find the likes of Dean Martin's son Dino, Actor James Franciscus, Producer James (Lolita) Harris, Producer John (Watermelon Man) Bennett, Producer Michael (Juwana) Laughlin and

host Hanson playing their hearts out, for the love of the game and a little side bet. For this is one of the main attractions at the Hanson court. Though he disparages the amounts that change hands at his tennis sessions, Hanson acknowledges that winners usually leave his court a lot happier than losers.

"It's not much," says Hanson of the wagers. "Just \$25 a corner."

One tennis buff who doesn't get invited to the Hansons' insists that the only reason Hanson gets good players is that he offers them membership in The Daisy. Hanson denies it. Whatever the lure, some of the game's brightest lights gambol on the Hanson court—Charlie Pasarell, Segura and occasionally Gonzales. Hanson also sees to it there are plenty of pretty girls on hand.

In addition to the weekend games, the Hansons throw two big tennis afternoons on the Fourth of July and Labor Day. For these events some 200 of Hollywood's most beautiful people gather in the garden in semiformal wear (Jax slacks are not in keeping) to enjoy an elegant catered buffet and watch some high-stakes tennis. All the players donate \$50 to \$100 for the privilege of playing, and the winners—last July Fourth it was Wendell Niles Jr. and Actor Chris Connolly—take home the pot, which has run as high as \$1,800.

Dinah Shore's court in Beverly Hills has been the site of recent stellar gatherings that included Spiro Agnew, movie star Jack Valenti, Aske, Gonzales, Rod Laver and anyone else who means anything in town—in or out of tennis. Mrs. Shore also has the distinction of having been the first victim of an errant Agnew smash. She caught a vice-presidential serve in the eye during a game in 1969. He didn't beat Doug Sanders until the following February.

Most people—even the beautiful ones of Beverly Hills and Bel Air—are content with one tennis court. Jerry Ohrbach of the department-store family is twice blessed, with a court beside his Holmby Hills house for weekday games and one at his place in Malibu for weekends. Most of the fringe benefits of social tennis—lunches, free-flowing drinks, betting and beautiful starlets who watch and are watched—are absent at the Ohrbach courts. "We don't go in for any of that stuff," he says. "No nonsense. Just tennis." To play in this high-performance setting, Ohrbach has put to-

gether a group that includes fellow department-store magnate David May, Actor Philip Reed, Beverly Hills Councilman Fred Leopold, Jack Kramer, Dick Savitt and Hank Greenberg.

Another familiar face around the court is tennis pro Bob Harmon, who occasionally plays in Ohrbach's foursomes. Ohrbach explains, "We try to make the game as good as we can. Harmon could sweep up the court with us if he wanted to, but he plays to our skills." Occasionally, when the Ohrbach game is short of good players, he calls on Hillcrest Country Club pro Don Lutz and, when they're available, Kurt Niklas, president of the posh Bistro restaurant in Beverly Hills, and comic Dan Rowan.

For those looking for side action with their tennis, the court of Robert Evans, production chief at Paramount Pictures, offers fertile prospects. Evans, who headquarters in a million-dollar house in Beverly Hills with his wife Ali MacGraw and their newborn son, enjoys putting his money where his game is—that is, pretty high. His Calcuttas and side bets are legendary. The latter average \$100 to \$250 a set but have been known to get up as high as \$1,000 when the competition is stiff. When it was rumored recently that Evans might be shaky over at Paramount, some of the luster went off his games, despite the high rolling that goes on there. "You can always tell when you're slipping in Hollywood," observed one wag. "You have trouble getting a decent foursome."

Jennings Lang, a Universal City Studios vice-president, draws a mixed bag to his court in Beverly Hills. The players usually tend to be business types, with a sprinkling of actors and actresses thrown in for spice. At Charlton Heston's place a favorite partner is Sam Mach, a former pro who now sells socks. The games at the Heston court are described by one man who's played there as "stricly tennis . . . no broads or anything like that." Heston is reportedly sensitive about his game, one reason he plays with Mach most of the time. A partner who took him on at his country club recalls how Heston quit one losing match abruptly when a crowd of girls gathered around to watch.

Robert Stack, Kirk Douglas and Dean Martin also have courts but don't play as much as the Hollywood tennis activists. Martin used to bring in pro Tommy Cook to teach, but with the Mar-



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CHARLTON HESTON CONGRATULATES PRODUCER WENDELL NILES JR. AFTER A MATCH

tin children now pursuing their own show-business careers, the court has fallen into disuse.

A boost up the social ladder is a distinct possibility if you play at Director Richard Brooks' house, or at the court of Producer Ray (*Flower Girl*) Stark and wife Fran. A woman player can do worse than one of Mrs. Robert Stack's ladies' games or an afternoon of tennis at the Edgar Bergens', though the pace is markedly slower and the average age visibly higher.

Joan Ross, an ex-actress now married to Producer Frank (*The Robe*) Ross, adds a certain élan to her tennis afternoons by leashing her pet cheetah, Kubo, to a nearby bush while her guests are playing. Saturday is the big social mixed-doubles event here, accompanied by a lunch, archery and swimming. The cheetah tends to keep the ball in play. In one game, recalls Producer Norman Lloyd, an errant shot bounced the ball right at Kubo's feet. "We all watched it for a long time, and finally we broke into an argument over who was going to go get it." Besides Lloyd, Mrs. Ross has such players as Jacques Bergerac, Dinah Shore, Producer Sam Goldwyn Jr. and Actress Eva Gabor and husband Dick Brown. Eva's sister Zsa Zsa joined them once. "Zsa Zsa kept the shade throughout the game," Mrs. Ross recalls.

The rating list of prospective players on the local tennis circuit is every bit as closely watched as the overnight Nielsen's. The most sought-after guests are young men like Ron Preissman, a literary agent and real-estate heir. "Ron meets all the requirements," says one hostess. "He's a nice guy, young, good company and an excellent tennis player." Preissman was a nationally ranked junior at 15 and now gets at least five invitations every weekend. "On Saturdays I'll play at Dino's at 10, then go to the Ogners', play and have lunch, then around 4:30 I go over to Bob Evans'," he says. It's more of the same on Sundays, only on different courts, through a rigorous 15 sets every weekend.

Another guest without whom no status tennis match on the circuit is complete is Wendell Niles Jr., an ex-foot-ball player on the coast and the son of the wealthy former radio announcer. Niles receives more than 20 invitations a week to play tennis but is particular about where he plays. "I usually accept only four. Dinah's, Bobby's (Evans), Charlton Heston's and Jennings Lang's. Oh, I play at other places, especially if I'm trying to make a business deal, but those are the courts I prefer." Niles is one of the circuit's better players, despite the fact that he doesn't have a

court of his own. "With 20 invitations a week, who needs one?" he asks.

Zimbalist is another "most wanted" guest, as was 20th Century-Fox ex-boss Richard Zanuck before he was toppled from his studio perch.

What is your status-minded Hollywood court-hopper liable to be wearing, and playing with, these days? Most of the ladies pick their tennis outfits from such posh toggeries as Tennis Anyone in Beverly Hills. Grace DeWitt, the owner of Tennis Anyone, says it's not unusual for a woman to come in and spend \$600 in half an hour of shopping—on anything from a "see-through" hand-crocheted tennis dress (\$70) to a kangaroo-skin racket cover (\$15). Traditional tennis whites are by no means de rigueur in Hollywood. "People here often like a touch of color," says Mrs. DeWitt. "A little red trim, green tops—it depends. When you own the court, you can wear any color you like."

Not everyone who plays there considers the Beverly Hills-Hollywood tennis circuit that glamorous. Though Michael Laughlin is welcomed on the best courts, he remains unimpressed. "I think tennis in Los Angeles is a bit chintzy. When you think of the beautiful grass courts of the East, of the elegant Queen's Club in London—the place is fabulous and costs only \$7 a month—you can hardly be impressed by the Beverly Hills Tennis Club and its five concrete courts."

Sam Goldwyn Jr. echoes Laughlin's sentiments. "Years ago my parents filled their court with the likes of Charlie Chaplin, Errol Flynn, Jean Harlow... those people just aren't around anymore. And nobody has taken their place."

Finally, there is another set that lives in the area and plays tennis, but is never seen on the courts of the town's beautiful people. This is what one tennis swinger calls "the Junior League crowd," and it holds itself distinctly aloof from the show-biz bunch.

Yet, despite such smibs, despite the paucity of oldtime glamour, despite the apocalyptic visitations—the fires, floods, earthquakes and plunging Dow Joneses—that have vexed Hollywood lately, the game goes on. The ping and plunk of tennis balls hitting concrete and nylon can be heard from behind the forest-green tarps that shroud the courts along Beverly Drive and Coldwater Canyon. It's just as though nothing had happened. Nothing at all.

END



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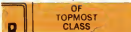
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Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.



## There's no place like home

**Hofheinz Pavilion is hardly humble but, as Jacksonville found out, playing Houston on its own floor can be a humbling experience**

Jacksonville University's Dolphins, the highest-scoring, sharpest-shooting and showboatingest college basketball team in the country, flew into Texas late last week to play Houston and, for a little R and R, Coach Tom Wasdin figured he'd take his two 7-footers and their teammates on a tour of the Astrodome. They could watch the score-board do its thing or daydream about returning late in March, when the Dome will host the NCAA championships. But there was a rodeo and a Johnny Cash concert going on that day, and Wasdin had to cancel the visit.

"Maybe we'll get to see it later in the year," he said, with a small smile.

Actually, if basketball must be played in the heart of the Astrodome acreage, the Dolphins are just the sort of team to make it almost logical. They could show off their 7' 2" (not including three inches of Afro) goal-rejecter (and goaltender) Artis Gilmore, who led them to the championship game last season, in which they lost to UCLA. They could exhibit the sport's finest fly pattern, wherein little Harold Fox zips upcourt the instant an opponent shoots. Gilmore or 7' Pembroke Burrows III pulls down the rebound, whirls and fires a length-of-the-court pass and Fox catches it going full speed and lays it in (most of the time). It makes the normal fast break look like a square dance at Leisure World.

Alas, it appears such spectacles might be denied us. The game last weekend, which was televised nationally, was held in Hofheinz Pavilion, where the Houston Cougars had won all the 27 games they had played. Not only that, they had lost only three home games in seven seasons. Sure enough, Jacksonville, unhappy with the referees, upset at the crowd and badly outrebounded, was beaten 83-82.

Houston's victory gave it a record of 20 and 5 and pretty much assured its eighth NCAA or NIT tournament bid in 11 years. The Dolphins (who are 21-3) had

their win streak ended at 15 and, although they will fill an at-large berth in the NCAAs, there is a serious question now whether they are good enough to get through the Midwest Regional.

Then again, enduring the terrific din and the loss at Houston may have been the best experience to prepare Jacksonville for another run at the title. The Dolphins had things completely their own way after a one-point loss to Wake Forest in December. JU won those 15 straight by an average margin of 26 points. Of course, the opposition included such powerhouses as Mercer, Valdosta State and South Alabama, but there were at least three victories to be proud of—over Florida State (twice) and Bradley, which, either for comic effect or out of exasperation, had its 5' 4" guard jump center against Gilmore.

Along the way JU also strengthened its image as a team of hot dogs. Substitute Wing Chip Dublin led a Harlem Globetrotters-type warmup drill before each game. Fans of little-used sub Phil Carter sat in a special section called Carter's Corner and went bughouse when he entered games in the waning minutes. The game against Manhattan was such a rout that at one point Gilmore played defense by himself while his teammates stood at the other end of the court. According to Wasdin, it took Manhattan four shots and a full minute to score.

The year's highlight was consecutive victory No. 15 which came before the Houston trip. It was a home-court farewell celebration for six seniors, with East Carolina serving as the refreshments. Three or four years ago a Dolphin home game drew about as many people as a Tupperware party, but on this night the Jacksonville Coliseum was packed with 10,000 fans. Outside, scalpers were getting as much as \$15 a ticket; a few suckers even bought unused tickets from previous games and were turned away at the door. The Dolphins beat East Carolina 127-69 and Gilmore had 25 points,

28 rebounds, 13 blocked shots (and was called for goaltending several times).

"Take this team and put it on a neutral floor and it could probably beat at least three teams in the ABA," said losing Coach Tom Quinn. "I don't know of any college team around that could beat them, and I've seen UCLA, Notre Dame and the best in the Atlantic Coast Conference."

JU's seniors received standing ovations, moving Quinn to mutter, "They gave everybody one but the director of admissions." Which brings up the subject of JU's academic status. Leave us say it's not quite the Harvard of the South.

Some people in Jacksonville claim Gilmore has improved his game by 30% over last year when he was embarrassed by UCLA's Sidney Wicks in the NCAA finals. Wicks, growing away six inches, blocked four of Gilmore's shots and intimidated the intimidator. That's when the Dolphin coaching staff decided they had to make Gilmore just as effective on offense as he was on defense. The answer was the "Wicks stick," an old field-hockey stick welded in practice by Assistant Coach Jim Watson. Gilmore had to shoot over it, getting a taste of what it was like to be one of the more mortals who play against him.

Gilmore also worked hard on his game

*continued*

**GILMORE GOES 3' 2", INCLUDING AFRO**



all summer in Jacksonville, and he had plenty of opposition. Wasdin says he saw a three-on-three pickup game in which five of the six players were 7-footers (the sixth was 6' 10"), all of them enrolled at JU or considering it. One of the 7-footers was freshman Dave Brent, who has run the 220 in 22.1. One can't quite say he'll step into Gilmore's size 17s next season; Brent wears 15s.

"Right now, Gilmore is still three years away from his potential," says Watson. "He'll be a dominating factor on defense his first year in the pros, and if he continues to work as hard up there as he has for the past year he'll become a top scorer, too. The biggest thing, of course, is that he's learned to take the ball to the basket and take advantage of his size to get it in. Where he was going up and away from the basket, he's now using his strength to make the power moves inside. Then, too, he's not being forced to score as much—like at William & Mary, where Artis got only two points but played one of his better games. He completely dominated the game defensively with 13 blocked shots and 20 or so rebounds, and the team scored 100 points."

The week leading up to the Houston game was a painful one for Jacksonville—mostly in the ankles. In the East Carolina win, reserve Greg Nelson leaped high for a lob pass, landed on somebody's foot and tore ligaments in an ankle. Later in the week Vaughn Wedeking, JU's best ball handler and outside shooter, twisted his ankle playing one-on-one with teammate Mike Blevins, who already had a twisted ankle. The same day an assistant manager turned an ankle. Neither Wedeking nor Nelson made the trip. The manager had to suit up so JU could scrimmage Friday.

Wasdin thought the Dolphins could win without Wedeking, even though Oklahoma City Coach Abe Lemons had told him he might as well chalk up a loss even before he got on the plane for Houston. One reason Wasdin was confident was that the teams had agreed there would be a "split crew"—one ref from the Missouri Valley Conference, which normally works Houston games, and one from the Southeastern, which services JU. About 20 minutes before tip-off Wasdin learned both refs were from the Missouri Valley, and both were Texans.

As it turned out, JU didn't get hindered. The refs worked a fairly good game,

especially in the first half. Poor defense, poor rebounding and Wedeking's absence had much more to do with the loss than the whistles.

Houston, certainly, had plenty of size and talent of its own, including 6' 7" Dwight Davis, the leading scorer and shot blocker, and Guard Poo Welch. (TCU has a player named Goo Kennedy. All-Star pickers in the Southwest have got to put Poo and Goo on the area team.) In addition, the Cougars had Coach Guy Lewis' zone defense, a "one-Artis-one." Wasdin countered with a box-and-four, Gilmore being the box all by himself.

Early in the game Burrows and Fox worked a couple of their fly patterns, but the Dolphins were pathetic on defense, giving up uncontested close-range jump shots. Houston's 6' 7" Steve Newsome took the most advantage, getting 20 points in the half, which surpassed his previous game high. Still JU, helped by Gilmore's cowering presence on defense and Fox's offense, built up a nine-point lead, and when Dwight Davis got his fourth foul Houston had to abandon its full-court press.

JU led at the half 45-40 and seemed in good shape; it had been outrebounded 28-17 and still was ahead. Moreover, Newsome had three fouls, and Fox had held Welch to four points.

Shortly before the second half started, Wasdin came over to the press table. "You know what happened?" he said in a strangled voice. "Some fan tripped Fox when he was coming out and he sprained his ankle." (After the game, Fox said a spectator kicked him in the left ankle and then ran into the stands. Another version had Fox tripping over his own feet.) Wasdin went over to Guy Lewis to complain. "Tom," said Lewis, "I didn't put anybody over there to trip him."

Fox started the second half and was as quick on the fast break as ever, but Wasdin claimed the sore ankle hampered his lateral movement on defense. Whatever, Welch, Fox's man, scored 16 of his 20 points in the second half.

Houston quickly assumed the lead, and although JU regained it and went ahead by five at one point, Houston got back on top for good with just over four minutes to play. Most of this time Wasdin was complaining about the penalties that were being thrown on the floor, trying to get the referee to call a technical on the home team. When he peeked

up a coin and threw it off the court, which was also in the general direction of Referee Bobby Scott, Scott hit him with a tech. "Another thing I must tell me," said Wasdin, "was to expect a technical if the game was close."

On the way back to his motel, Wasdin spoke of "the good crowd enthusiasm," as he called it. "Every time I stood up," he said, "I got hit with something. I hope both of us keep winning and we play again under a little more favorable circumstances." (Like next season, in Jacksonville, with the president and vice-president of the booster club making the calls.)

Wasdin might have felt a little better if he had heard Guy Lewis' postgame prediction: "I think Jacksonville has a good chance to be in the Astrodome in March. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if it was South Carolina, Jacksonville, Kansas and UCLA."

That of Guy Lewis sure is a good winner.

## THE WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

**EAST** The quality of Fordham's opposition can be measured by the number of priests attending the pregame prayer meeting. On Thursday evening in Madison Square Garden six priests—a season record—were in the dressing room as the Rams prepared to play unbeaten Marquette. Minutes later, Forward Gary Bell of the Warriors performed his own pregame ritual. He shadowboxed his way around the floor and then turned his back on the flag during the national anthem. Instant villain. The quick, expertly coached Rams gave away an average of three inches a man but showed that their previous upset victory over Notre Dame was no fluke. Despite foul trouble—Fordham's star forward, Charlie Yehington, had to sit out 10 minutes of the second half with four personals—the score was tied 68-68 with three minutes remaining. Marquette's Dean Meminger drove for the go-ahead basket and was called for traveling when he collided with a teammate. Fordham Coach Digger Phelps called a time-out with 1:32 left and told his team, "Hold the ball, try to bring them out and draw a foul." The foul, his fifth, was committed by Bell, who tore off a sneaker and threw it to the crowd. Exit instant villain. But George Zamboni missed a free throw in a one-and-one situation and the

*continued*



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game went into overtime when Allie McGuire, son of Marquette Coach Al McGuire, missed a long shot at the buzzer. "At home you drive in that situation," explained McGuire Sr. "On the road you shoot and hope for the rebound." Fordham was unable to contain Jim Chones, Marquette's precocious 6'11" sophomore, during the extra period. Chones scored seven points and the Warriors won it 85-80. "I'm not crying now," said Yelsherson, "but I may after I get home."

Penn led Brown score 50 points in the second half but the Quakers won anyway, 96-82. "We weren't in the Top Ten tonight," said Coach Dick Harter. "I think it was because the kids had two days off this week." Penn later knocked off Yale 93-63 to clinch the Ivy title and an NCAA bid, but Harter was in no mood to celebrate. "We're going to work like no other team has ever worked," he vowed. "Our goal is to improve 10" in each area of the game."

Boston College outscored eighth-ranked Duquesne 13-3 during six minutes of the first half and forced the Dukes out of their zone by holding the ball. Result: a 67-52 upset. Then Duquesne crushed Niagara 99-69.

Perhaps because their annual football game has lost national significance, in recent months Army vs. Navy has come to mean a hotly fought rivalry in accommodating new life-styles. The Navy now allows hair on chests; the Army has permitted posters in barracks. Both services have made beer and high-ranking officers more accessible. Predictably, when the academics met once again in Annapolis last week, the country yawned. Navy (12-12) lost to Army's worst team in eight years, 64-50. Symbolically, the lights in the field house went out midway through the second half. The Army team retired to a bus for the 20-minute delay because, according to Coach Bob Knight, "It was too hot in the dressing room."

1. PENN (34-9) 2. FORDHAM (24-22)

**MIDWEST** The week began badly for Ohio State when doctors examined the wrist of Buckeye Captain Jim Cleamons and pronounced it broken. Cleamons, dressed in street clothes, his wrist in a cast, watched his team defeat Iowa 80-71. During the postgame interview Coach Fred Taylor dwelt on playing Michigan for the Big Ten title without Cleamons. He wasn't optimistic. "Cleamons is such a genuine leader," he said. "It's very tough to lose him." But while Taylor spoke, Indiana presented Michigan with its first league loss of the season, 88-79, and suddenly Taylor's leaderless Buckeyes led the conference by half a game. Their good fortune continued when the doctors X-rayed Cleamons' wrist on Friday and found it hadn't been fractured after all. Cleamons traveled with the team to Ann Arbor, dressed

and contributed, well, just two points. No matter. Guard Allan Horneyak scored 17 during the opening six minutes and added 20 more as the Bucks won 91-85.

Because the *Des Moines Register* reported that Drake Coach Maury John would replace fired Glen Anderson at Iowa State, Drake students chanted "Don't go, Maury, don't go" during the Bulldogs' home game with St. Louis. Moments after his squad defeated the Billikens 89-85 John confirmed the report. There was no time for tears, however, because a startling occurrence was taking place in Louisville. The Cardinals blew one to North Texas State 79-73. "You're kidding," said John when told of the upset. Drake and Memphis State are now just half a game behind Louisville and the MVC, like the Big Ten, is far from sorted out.

Marquette returned home from New York to celebrate Dean Meminger night. The Dream, playing his last college game in Milwaukee, scored 33 points as the Warriors drubbed Tulane 90-76. When he left the game with four minutes to play, the crowd applauded for 10 minutes. Sad Al McGuire, "I hope the school enjoys his journey."

A three-point play by Dave Robisch with seven seconds left pushed Kansas past Colorado 66-65 and kept the Jayhawks unbeaten in the Big Eight. Earlier in the week the Kansas State cheerleaders displayed a rubber chicken—a gesture aimed at mocking the Jayhawk nickname—and then watched their team lose to Kansas 61-48.

1. MARQUETTE (23-9) 2. KANSAS (23-1)

**SOUTH** Disgusted by topside losses to Kentucky and Tennessee, LSU Coach Press Maravich decided to make some changes. First, he escorted his players to a Baton Rouge barber shop because "some of them have hair so long they can't see the basket." Then he left one starter, Gary Simpson, and the sixth man, Jerry Shockey, on campus for disciplinary reasons and loaded the others into a bus for a grim four-hour trip to Mississippi. "We aren't using the team plane this weekend," Press explained. "If we're going to play bush league basketball, we'll travel bush league." When the team finally arrived at Oxford, the Tigers used a slow-down against Ole Miss, held Johnny Neumann to 17 points—and still got beat 62-54. Where have you gone, Pete Maravich? A lonely father mourns the loss of his boy.

Adolph Rupp left his bed in a Lexington hospital and flew to Nashville to watch Kentucky overwhelm Vanderbilt 119-90. It was the most points ever scored against the Commodores. "This is just the sort of tonic I needed," said Rupp, "although it may not be applicable in my present situation. Also, I just wanted people to know that I'm still very much alive."

North Carolina clinched a first-place tie in the ACC when Dennis Wojcik made two free throws with nine seconds left to beat Virginia 75-74. "We did something no other conference team has done," said Coach Dean Smith. "We won at Virginia." Also winning and awaiting the conference tournament was South Carolina. The Gamecocks beat Houston 88-71 and then celebrated the news that John Roche's number would be retired with an 84-64 walk over Wake Forest. Three nights later Roche scored 37 points and Tom Dwens took 15 rebounds—enough to beat North Carolina State 82-69.

1. S.C. (19-4) 2. JACKSONVILLE (39-39)

**WEST** Because the teams hadn't played each other since 1946, when Weber State Junior College upset Utah State 53-44, last week's game was billed as a modestly historic event. Nowadays, Weber State is a university complete with a big-time All-America, Willie Sojourner, and the Wildcats won again, 63-62, with Willie blocking two shots in the last four minutes. The one truly historic incident in the rematch became a mere footnote. Weber Coach Phil Johnson drew what may be the most bizarre technical foul in the history of the game. At one point he gestured somewhat violently and his watch flew out of its casing. When he wandered onto the court in search of it he got hit with a technical for leaving his seat.

Four days later four more technicals were called in Logan during a Utah State-New Mexico State game, two after six minutes of play, when Harry Ward of New Mexico and Nate Williams of State were ejected following a brawl. Before the game ended—Utah State won 77-67 and will probably go to the NCAA's West Regional playoffs—security officers were sitting on both benches.

In more peaceful surroundings, UCLA continued to enjoy its good luck. With the Bruins leading Washington State 55-53 with seven seconds left, UCLA's Terry Schofield was fouled. Schofield, who makes only 57% of his free throws, injured a knee on the play, however, and was unable to continue, so Coach John Wooden called on John Eckert, a reserve who happens to make 89% of his foul shots. Eckert sank both free throws to insure the victory.

Southern Cal was equally fortunate. The Trojans squeaked past Washington 81-80 on a foul shot by Ron Riley. Although Hawaii lost its final game of the season to Centenary 67-66, the Rainbows finished with a 22-4 record and will most likely go to the NIT in New York. "Maybe now people will realize we're no vacation," said Captain Tommy Newell. "Wait until we get to the Big Apple." They're waiting for you, Tommy.

1. UCLA (21-1) 2. USC (25-1)

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### Official Rules Kent Castle Contest

- 1 Using only the letters from the words "Kent Micronite Filter Cigarettes," make as many English words as you can consisting of four letters or more. Ex. *KENT, SCENT*. Use letters appearing in the phrase "Kent Micronite Filter Cigarettes" as often as you wish. Ex.: *winest, anode*. Winners will be judged by highest total of eligible words made.
- 2 You may not use proper nouns, abbreviations, contractions, words with a hyphen or apostrophe. Decisions on word eligibility will be made by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Only words appearing in the main body of Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary are eligible.
- 3 Word lists must be legibly typed or printed by hand on paper of your choice. You must also show total number of words made, plus your name, address and zip code. This is your entry.
- 4 Include with your entry the bottom flaps from any two packages of KENT or KENT

Menthol cigarettes. Mail your entry and bottom flaps to Kent Contest, P.O. Box 1, Murray Hill Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Enter as often as you like; each entry must be mailed separately with two bottom flaps enclosed and postmarked by May 15, 1971, and received no later than May 25, 1971. Entries become property of Lorillard. Winners will be notified by mail.

5 Entries for this contest of skill must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entries are submitted and winners will be determined on the basis of the highest totals of eligible words.

6 In case of ties among potential Grand Prize Winners, a new phrase will be developed and will be supplied as needed to break the tie. The breaking phrases will be sent by June 15, 1971 and must be returned by July 5, 1971. In case of ties among Second Prize Winners, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7 In the event of tie-breaking runoff for their proof of purchase is not required.

7 The fifty Grand Prize Winners will each receive a one week stay for two at the elegant Churchill Hotel in London including a

fabulous Castle tour and medieval feast in Kent, England. Trips will commence on August 8, 1971 and run through September 5, 1971. Each Grand Prize includes round trip air transportation for two and spending money of \$500.

One thousand Second Prize Winners will each receive an attractive golden toned set of Kent Castle ladies' brooch and men's tie tac specially created by famous Trifari. All prizes will be awarded. No substitutions or cash exchanges of prizes. A Grand Prize winner who cannot take the trip may transfer it to another individual of his choice.

8 Contest open to all residents of U.S. over 21 years of age, except employees of Lorillard and their families, its advertising and promotion agencies. Winners may be required to execute affidavits of eligibility and releases for the sponsor's publicity purposes. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is sole responsibility of the individual winners. Contest subject to all Federal, State and Local laws and void wherever prohibited or restricted by law.

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There are five doors on the Datsun wagon, and three of them lead to the load compartment. That's more accessibility than you'll find on a lot of other wagons in our price range. Even more than on most panel trucks.

We wouldn't have it any other way. We don't believe in cutting down on necessities like those two extra doors. In fact, we don't even believe in cutting down on the non-necessities. Fully reclining bucket seats, for instance. And disc brakes, and nylon carpeting, tinted glass, even whitewall tires. They're all standard equipment. They're all part of the deal at \$2,350.\* So if you want a wagon with accessibility try this:

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## And the two extra doors don't cost a thing.



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## Powerful glasses, sir, but are they good?

**Binoculars are the sports fan's best friend, but in your eagerness to get something that brings you close to the action don't look for magnification alone when you buy a pair. Size, weight and clarity are just as important**

For the uncertain buyer, the man perplexed by magnification formulas and the intricacies of lenses, purchasing binoculars can be a disconcerting experience. In a cramped shop he lifts the glasses to his eyes, muddles with the focusing and finds little reassurance in the blur and warp of images. "New aren't they remarkable?" the salesman is saying. "Really superb."

Well, maybe superb and maybe not. A salesman at New York's Willoughby-Peetless, which sells as many as 300 pairs of binoculars in a week, estimates that three out of four people have no notion how to go about purchasing binoculars. At the New York headquarters of Zeiss, the prestige binocular manufacturer, a German expert declares, "People seem to believe the bigger, the better—the higher the power, the better equipped they are. That is a mistake. Often it is just the opposite."

Certain factors must be considered in the selection of binoculars: among them, the sports you will use them for, the price you can pay and even perhaps your age, health and physique. The starting point is the peculiar algebra of binoculars—3x20, 6x30, 7x42, 10x50. The first number indicates the degree of magnification: a bird viewed through the glasses will appear to be three times, six times, seven times or 10 times larger than it would to the unaided eye. The second number in the formula is the diameter in millimeters of the front lens and serves as a measure of the light-gathering quality of the binoculars. The higher this second number is the better the viewer will see in dim light, in fog and at night. The rangers on fire towers in national forests and game wardens patrolling the Everglades at twilight use 8x50 and 10x50 binoculars.

High-powered glasses, those nine-power and up, require steady hands. The

slightest movement of these glasses causes jumping images. Because of this, bird-watchers using 10- and 15-power binoculars mount them on tripods. An elderly person, or one whose hands are the least bit shaky, should never use more than six-power glasses. Yachtsmen are limited in much the same way because of the pitch and motion of their boats. They find glasses over seven-power uncomfortable. What they sacrifice in magnification, however, they can pick up with good light-gathering binoculars, like 7x42s or 7x50s. These are really necessary for locating nautical markers in foul weather.

A person using 7x50 binoculars receives no special advantage in sunlight, while watching an afternoon football game, for example. Someone using glasses that size will see no better or brighter image than another using a 7x30 model. That is because the human eye adjusts, the pupil dilating in sunlight, and no matter how bright an image the binoculars pick up and transmit through the lenses, the eye will take in only a

small portion of the light. At night, when the pupil grows larger and opens to its maximum, it is able to absorb the wider beam from the 7x50 glasses. Well, then, why not buy 7x50s even if your primary use is in full daylight? The answer is that because of their size, the 7x50 glasses are normally much larger and heavier than 7x30s and therefore more of a nuisance to carry.

Fred Capossela, for 36 years the race caller at New York's thoroughbred tracks, uses extraordinarily strong Zeiss 15x60 glasses but, he explains, he needs instant definition. He must be able to pick up a pink sash or a blue cap half a mile away and often through rain, fog or flying mud. "I would never recommend binoculars like that for the average raecaller," Capossela says. "For the man in the grandstand I'd suggest a more restful glass, certainly nothing any larger than 7x50."

Edward Erickson of the National Ski Patrol in Denver advocates 7x35 binoculars for use in snow country. He also suggests that amber sun caps

continued

### THE BINOCULARS SOME OF THE EXPERTS USE

Gil Brandt, chief scout for the Dallas Cowboys: "Right now I'm using a pair of Bushnell 7x35s. I've owned them for four years, which is a record for me because I usually wind up leaving my binoculars in an airport or in the trunk of a rented car. I'd advise a football fan to select a pair priced reasonably and not too heavy, something not too cumbersome to have with you when you're watching a game."

Jim Whittaker, mountain climber and first American to reach the top of Mount Everest: "My personal choice is the Leica 8x32. They are extremely light binoculars and are only 4½ inches in length, but they magnify with remarkable clarity and, what is important to

me since often I cannot protect my equipment, the prism is shock-, dust- and water-proof. Of course, they're terribly expensive."

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, head of the New York Racing Association: "I use binoculars, Zeiss 15x60s. However, I'm 58 years old now, and in the process of aging maybe I'll have to change. Let me just see if they feel good for another season. Yes, it looks that way."

Mary Hemingway, widow of the author: "All of Ernest's were left in Cuba. There must have been six or seven pairs that we had between us. I know he had some giant ones that looked as though they were a foot long and weighed maybe five pounds."

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An open-and-shut case, the compact Zenith billfold radio. Slim, pocket-sized, it gives you superb Zenith tone quality even with the lid closed. Choice of beige, ebony, or gold colors; complete with earphone attachment and two penlite batteries in attractive gift box. Ask to hear the Royal 16-1 at your Zenith dealer's.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.



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You've seen her. The serious player. With her, tennis means more than just keeping fit. It's part of the way she lives. Like getting up in the morning.

If you're that way, better get acquainted with Bancroft's beautiful FRS. Its exclusive, durable Fiberglass Reinforced with Steel construction means lots of good things: more speed on serves, more depth on drives — the kind of power with control that serious tennis demands.

FRS. At your favorite sports or pro shop now. \$62 straight flow Braided Championship lamb's gut. Also 22 other Bancroft models at varying prices — each a superb value. Bancroft Sporting Goods Company, Bancroft Court, Woonsocket, R.I. 02895.



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Illustration: Museum of Art, R.I. School of Design

## SPORTING LOOK

be put over the lenses to cut the harsh intensity of light.

Among hikers, low powered binoculars—6x30s—are popular. In part this is because compactness and lighter weight are desirable factors. Also, if the walker is tired when he uses 7- or 8-power binoculars, the image tends to bounce around crazily.

The buyer should decide before going into a store on the power and brightness he needs (7x35 glasses are recommended for the all-round sports fan) and about how much he will spend. If he is a mountain climber his glasses will knock continually against rocks and ledges, and it is wiser to purchase two cheap pairs than one expensive pair. Ordinarily, the better the binoculars the more far they can stand, but there are limits to everything. "To test binoculars for durability you should drop them," says Werner Finkel of Zervs, with a smile. "But, of course, no salesman will let you."

No matter how little a person intends to spend, he should ask to see Zeiss, Leitz or other top quality binoculars and compare them with the model he is planning to buy. "Take your time," Dick Cohn of Willoughby-Peterson says, "and if the salesman doesn't want to give you the time, go somewhere else. Your eyes have to adapt to binoculars—like a new pair of spectacles. Some of them can strain your eyes, and the cheaper binoculars vary in quality, even among the same model. I've had people spend three hours before deciding."

The last maneuver is to focus the glasses. If you have chosen seven-power binoculars, pick out a sign with lettering about 60 feet away (the distance should be about 10 times your height). Put the glasses to your eyes and, keeping both eyes open, place a hand over the end of the right barrel. Move the center-focusing dial until the image is clear. Then put a hand over the left barrel and turn the individual-focusing dial on the right (opposite until the image is sharp. Now both eyes should be properly focused. With premium binoculars, \$300 Zeiss and Zervs models attaining precision can be achieved. The man with 20/80 vision can twist the dials and get the same prescription that he does from his optician for eyeglasses.

Once the glasses are focused, comparisons can be made between quality and cheaper models. The less expensive

the glass the more indefiniteness there is around the perimeter of your view. There will be color fringes on the edges of the circle. Look at a square sign. Do the edges remain straight or do they bulge or appear to cave in? Look through the binoculars at the surface of a distant table or counter. Is it well defined or does the tabletop appear to buckle? Aberrations are common in poorly constructed binoculars. And always examine the glasses for scratched lenses or nicked frames. It is foolish to buy a pair that has been mishandled. The lenses, though set in cement, will shift if knocked about.

No pair is worthwhile unless it has prisms. These are apparent if you hold the binoculars about a foot and a half from the eyes. In the eyepieces you will see a round circle of light or a circle in a dim square in less expensive models.

Coated lenses are advisable. Inside a pair of binoculars there are more than a dozen surfaces that should be treated. To test for this, hold the binoculars backward, with the eyepieces toward a light. Look through the big lenses—called the objectives—and move the glasses slowly back and forth. If you see something inside that looks like a line of distant auto lights, the lenses have not been sufficiently coated.

These are simple, practical tests to make before purchasing. But there are other considerations, too. A man with large hands obviously will be uncomfortable with binoculars that are too small. The eyeglass wearer will get a better view using models with adjustable eyecups. Perhaps the buyer wants style—the latest rage is the long, thin-barreled model. The trophy hunter may prefer wide-angle binoculars, which are fine for scanning a mountainside, but they are hardly what a birdwatcher needs. Zoom glasses are not recommended, though they are advertised as five different binoculars in one. The zooms often go out of focus, and until they are perfected and operate with the precision of camera-zoom lenses they are not a good buy.

As to price, below \$40 you pay your money and you take your chances. In the \$50 to \$70 range you can get very serviceable glasses among name brands, such as Nikon and Bushnell. But if you want the best, figure on \$200 and up.

And be sure to remember, there is more to selecting binoculars than meets the casual eye.

END

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Coopers and tasters and scientists who think of work not as work, but as an art. Craftsmen who keep at a task, painstakingly, until they get just what they want. Something to be proud of.

Altogether, it's enough to give you second thoughts about the Bourbon you thought was your favorite.

**Benchmark. Seagram's Premium Bourbon.**  
"Measure your Bourbon against it."



## 'But what else do you do?'

**Hugo Castello coaches NYU, the best collegiate fencing team in the U.S. It is a distinction, he concedes, that invariably fails to impress**

Nel Diamond and Herb Cohen were recruited from Lincoln High School in Brooklyn more than a decade ago to help New York University retain its ranking as the nation's top college fencing team. Diamond wielded a saber impressively throughout his career, but it was Cohen who twice won the NCAA foil title and became an All-American. "Nel was a good fencer and a fine athlete," Coach Hugo Castello recalls, "but he had a guitar he used to take with him on road trips. Fencing was always secondary to his music. If he were in Russia they would have made his fencing come first."

Assuredly, Castello, who is 56, has learned to accept the fate of his sport in a free society. It is just that while Diamond has his guitar—and the gold records and fame that followed—Castello has other passions. His projection of the NYU varsity four years hence is one. Another is his fantasy of turning Willis Reed into the world's épée champion.



CASTELLO GOES OVER SOME FINE POINTS

"I've already got four freshmen recruited for next year," Castello says. He confidently adds, "They will most likely represent the U.S. in the 1976 and 1980 Olympics." Castello also predicts that two current NYU fencers and five alumni will make the 18-man Olympic team next year. This does not include Ruth White and Sally Pechinsky, NYU sophomores who are candidates for the women's Olympic squad. Miss White won the national foil title as a high school senior. There is no gainsaying NYU's dominance in fencing. This weekend at West Point the Violets defend their Intercollegiate Fencing Association title. Next weekend at the Air Force Academy they are favored to retain their NCAA championship.

Castello recruits fencers on the basis of skill, physical potential and desire. This is where Willis Reed comes in. "Give me—or any other coach—the kind of athletes the New York Knicks have and I could turn them into world fencing champions," Castello says. "Maybe not now, but when they were 20 years old or younger. Can you imagine what I could do with Reed and that reach? Especially in épée, the weapon for even the grudge fencer. Any touch is legal—the foot, the arm. Once he acquired some skill he could be switched to foil, where just the torso is legal, or saber, where strength is important."

The theories of a coach who has won seven NCAA and 10 IFA titles in 23 seasons are worth noting, even though the U.S. has never won a gold medal in Olympic fencing. "There is no reason why this country could not win the eight gold medals it loses every four years," Castello says. "Fencing wasn't introduced into Russia until after the revolution. The determination of the Russians and other foreign athletes to win is the sole reason for their success."

The same may be said of NYU, which finished unbeaten in 11 dual meets this season to run its consecutive streak to

24 over three years. A 19-8 defeat of previously unbeaten Columbia two weeks ago was the most impressive victory for the Violets. The NYU-Columbia event is fencing's version of the Texas-Arkansas game. Spectators even materialized at the Columbia gym—as many as 300, which is a far cry from the usual handful of relatives, fiancées and 13-year-old would-be basketball players who thought the gym would be open for an hour of free play. Any time more than 23 people attend a fencing meet it is a mistake—someone circulated the wrong address for a Neil Diamond concert.

Therein, according to Castello, lies fencing's major obstacle—recognition. "How can we expect a fencer to be dedicated when his feats go unnoticed?" he says. "The day a fencer can walk down Broadway and be recognized as a sports figure will be when we will be able to compete on an international level. I was the IFA foil champion in '35 and '36 and nobody knew it. The next year, when I went to Georgetown Law School, I gave up the sport completely until after the war. And my father was a coach."

A Basque, Julio Castello had planned to retire in Spain after a fencing career that culminated in his selection as coach of the 1924 U.S. Olympic team. Instead he accepted \$200 from the student council to become the first—and only other—NYU fencing coach. Five years later the Violets won the IFA championship. Papa Castello, who is now 90, retired in 1947 after NYU won its first NCAA title. By this time Hugo, who had spent five years in the Navy as a judo and karate instructor, was ready to step in. He had the choice of using his law degree or helping his father reorganize the two family businesses, Castello Fencing Equipment and Castello Combative Sports. He decided to follow family tradition and took over both the businesses and the NYU coaching job. The decision was hardly surprising, for fencing runs as thick as blood in the Castello family. Hugo's brother James is an assistant at NYU and his daughter Eileen is married to Kevin McMahon, a former IFA épée champion.

"I never fenced against my father," Castello says. "Now that I think about it, I know he planned it that way. He could have destroyed me. That, of course, is the secret of fencing—confidence. No matter how frantic the other fellow gets, you just have to calm him

retained

Taste too hot to handle ?

A photograph of a Kool cigarette pack standing on a piece of driftwood. The background is a scenic view of a rocky coastline with a river or fjord flowing through it. The pack is white with a green band across the middle containing the word 'KOOL' in white. Below the band, 'Filter Kings' is written in a cursive font, and 'MILD MENTHOL CIGARETTES' is printed at the bottom. Two cigarettes are visible protruding from the top of the pack. The overall mood is serene and natural, contrasting with the 'hot' theme of the text.

Come all  
the way  
up to  
KOOL

20 CLASS A  
CIGARETTES

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Kings*

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#### FENCING continued

down and touch him. Make no mistake about it, this is a very violent sport. You are *fighting* at close quarters. It's like boxing, except that it doesn't matter how hard you hit as long as you hit first." Castello's method of instilling confidence is to make sure his fencers have moves which will work 90% of the time. "That way," he says, "when they need a sure point they can get it."

An electrical system, which Castello Fencing Equipment sells to such opponents as Columbia, determines who has made his first touch. "It has revolutionized the sport," says Castello. "The touch is made, the circuit completed and the light goes on—a very impartial system, quite unlike the officials in my day. I remember they used to say, 'That Hugo, such a beautiful fencer, but he is so young.' How could a young fencer ever win when the officials believed there was no way he could beat an experienced opponent? Now, thanks to this equipment, an unknown like Ruth White can win a national championship."

Castello will be disappointed if NYU does not retain its two major titles. "I don't guarantee we'll win," he says, "but it will be close. As usual, Navy, Penn, Notre Dame, Columbia and Princeton are strong. The Midwest is getting there, too." During a regular season match, Navy took a 13-10 lead over NYU but the Violets won the last four bouts. "I had to do a little coaching in that one," Castello says. "I pretend I'm mad, but it's all calculated." Castello calculates a lot. Much of NYU's strength is its depth, which Castello begins to plot out as many as five years from the bout he happens to be watching. Depth will be a big factor in the IFAs, where the top nine fencers count in the team score, but will be less important in the NCAAAs, where the top three determine the results.

Hugo Castello has perpetuated his father's approach to the sport: a relentless devotion to fundamentals. There are times when an entire practice session will be devoted to the execution of the lunge—500 times per fencer. A reporter once called Castello the Vince Lombardi of fencing. Hugo prefers the reaction of a woman he met at a Greenwich Village cocktail party:

"What do you do?"

"I'm the fencing coach at NYU."

"That's nice. But what else do you do?"

END

# Whatever became of what's-his-face?

The impressive doors yawn wide. A young man still in his twenties, bright and enthusiastic, resumé in hand, walks in. The doors close, and swallowed within the corporate yawn, he becomes quietly anonymous.

Multiply the scene by the thousands each year. Engrave a company, or governmental, or educational or institutional name on the doors. Cast the principal players as male or female, black or white, young or not-so-young; it doesn't seem to matter very much.

Because in a very short time they all begin to look and act anonymous anyway.

Sure, our young man was out to lick the world when he was hired, but that was before he knew he had to lick the organization first.

If the organization is rigid with inflexibilities and staffed with supervisors who know how to say no but not yes, he is likely to seek a more invigorating climate. Worse yet, he may just give up, keep his eyes open and mouth shut, and begin twenty years of payments on a little retirement cottage.

It doesn't have to be that way.

Must every organization undergo corporate hardening of the arteries? Not so, we say.

Preventive medicine starts with something as basic as respect for the worth of the individual, practiced as well as preached.

When Harvey's promotion opens up a slot, we don't look for a replica of Harvey to plug in.

(Because who, in all the world, is exactly like Harvey?)

Corporate life can be beautiful.

We start by defining the job objectives. Then we give the job, along with plenty of latitude in achieving those objectives, to the individual whose skills, experience, character, and attitude most impress us.

The way he sets about getting results, we have reasoned, ought to be no less his responsibility than the results themselves. Given enough freedom and flexibility, he may do a few great things that Harvey never thought of. Or reject a few unnecessary things that Harvey always did.

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# **The Poisoning of**





# the West

*Across the mountains and ranges, chemical death  
sown by both private and Government interests  
is reaping a shocking harvest of wildlife and even  
threatens man* **by Jack Olsen**



I was just after dawn on a chilly November morning, and the three surveyors were scratching about the barren earth southwest of Fort Stockton, Texas looking for the odd cedar stakes that would give them their bearings. The men were members of a seismic team, jolting and bullying the earth out of its geologic secrets on behalf of a major petroleum company. One of them, 49-year-old Raymond Medford, reached down to tug at a gray pipe protruding from the chalky soil; as he did, there was a sharp report and something tore upward into the fleshy part of his hand. "What happened?" one of the other men shouted. Medford, confused and shocked, was running in circles. Then he calmed and said, "That thing went off! It had an explosion, whatever it was." A doctor in Fort Stockton looked at the bloody hand, administered first aid and sent the surveyor off to bed. An hour later Medford was dead.

Investigation showed that the pipe in the earth was a so-called "coyote getter," a deadly device loaded and cocked and set to shoot a cyanide charge into the mouth of any animal that pulled at its aromatic wick. If the local doctor had known that cyanide had penetrated deep into Raymond Medford's hand, he could have saved his patient. But the coyote getter had been unmarked, and the doctor had proceeded without the crucial knowledge that he was dealing with a notorious poison. The local sheriff acknowledged that the device should have been clearly marked but no charges were pressed following the inquest. As one of his deputies observed later, "Who wants to prosecute somebody for killing coyotes?"

A Colorado hunting guide and jack-of-all-trades named Bill Miles discovered several dozen sheep carcasses lying in an open corral east of Craig, Colo. He asked around and found that the sheep had been slaughtered and laced with sodium fluoracetate, "1080," one of the most subtly dangerous poisons

known to man. The carcasses were to be used by Government trappers to kill predators in the surrounding sheep country. Not far from the carnage ran a stream that fed Craig's public reservoir, but Miles was told not to worry: the carcasses would be positioned at strategic locations out on the sheep range long before their toxic contents could leech into the watershed supplying the town of 4,000.

But Bill Miles had had previous experience with the poisoning establishment around Craig; he was on intimate terms both with the shepherds of the area and their surrogates, the men of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and he had learned to distrust the one group as much as he distrusted the other. Miles mounted a daily watch on the pile of poisoned meat, and twice within two weeks he saw snow cover the carcasses and then melt into the watershed. He began making a photographic record of what was going on, and local shepherds began to harass him. Not long afterward, Miles was told to mind his own business or suffer the consequences. When he continued to take daily photographs of the scene, three of his hunting dogs died on his doorstep. In the front yard of his house were tire tracks and leftover evidence of meat poisoned with thallium. Miles kept up his investigations of the poisoning practices and more than once nearly came to blows with fellow townsmen and the federal poisoners. His business fell off, and soon he moved away.

Dinosaur National Monument, straddling the border of Colorado and Utah, is one of the most environmentally sacrosanct portions of the U.S. Like all national parks, it is administered strictly in accordance with nature, and the intentional poisoning of animals within its borders is considered the ultimate offense against park law and order. In the spring of 1970 cowhands who worked for a rancher named Tim Mantle were searching for strays inside the park borders when one of Mantle's valu-

able Australian sheep dogs suddenly stiffened and died. A few minutes later another dog went into convulsions, and when the shocked cowmen dismounted to see what was wrong they found that the second dog had stopped breathing. By the time their vital organs were transported to a laboratory, diagnosis was difficult, but the best guess was 1080—the favorite chemical of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's death squads.

The incident happened four miles inside the park borders, but Dinosaur officials were not surprised. "I've found any number of live coyote getters inside the park," said one of them, a wildlife ranger, "and we've had plenty of other evidence that the poisoners come right across our borders." Just outside the park, on a lonely access road, another park ranger had found the skinned remains of foxes, badgers and coyotes, and when he stopped to investigate a strange-looking pipe jutting from the earth, he set off a coyote getter and barely escaped with his life.

These three incidents, multiplied ad nauseam, characterize the programs of extermination and revenge that are in full swing throughout the Western half of the U.S. The programs already have brought whole species of animals to the edge of extinction and threaten still others. They also threaten *Homo sapiens*, that poor creature who lately has begun driving six miles out of his way to buy phosphate-free laundry soap, all the while turning his back on poisoning programs that are directly and specifically contaminating millions of acres of his country.

The coyote getters that explode every summer in the hands of unsuspecting people may be the least of the problem. To be sure, the very idea that the ugly devices lie in wait for both coyote and nature lover is annoying. The *Dwener Post* suggested that the deadly gadgets be renamed "little boy getters," but that name would not have been completely descriptive. The cyanide-loaded cartridge

es are also old man getters, dog getters, Girl Scout getters, cow getters, fox and marten and wolverine and magpie and hawk getters. They are getters, in fact, of anything that has the natural curiosity to reach down and pull lightly on the carrion-scented wick that protrudes above the ground and wafts a smell of decay and musk to the winds.

But coyote getters—fascinatingly newsworthy as they may be—seem to be a negligible hazard, a minor earth pollutant compared to certain other poisons that are saturating the countryside. Dr. Alfred Eiter, student of the conservationist Aldo Leopold and himself a former professor of conservation and ecology, told a congressional committee: "The fact is that poisons are being distributed all over the Western states year after year by federal, state, county and private interests, and are often left in the environment to poison any animal that happens to have a taste for meat, tallow, oats, honey or rice, or even a curi-

osity about foul-smelling attractants."

Eiter was not talking about the DDT and parathion and mercury compounds and other pesticides and fungicides and herbicides with which overzealous industrialists and agriculturists and exterminators and ordinary citizens are inadvertently poisoning the earth. He was talking about poisons used specifically and purposely to kill animals. These include the cyanide that is found in coyote getters, the arsenic that is put out in honey buckets, the thallium that is impregnated into bait carcasses, the strychnine that is encased in sugar-pill coatings, and 1080, a pinch of which is toxic enough to send several dozen adult humans into writhing, convulsive death.

To add to the efficiency of miracle poisons like 1080, there is a new sophistication in poisoning techniques. At one time the West was protected by its very limitlessness; a pioneer might strap on snowshoes and trek 10 miles across a mountain, shoot a grizzly, lace its body

with strychnine and call this activity a day's work. But nowadays the poisoner works from airplanes, trail bikes and tough pickup trucks that carry him and his thallium bait bucket and his coyote getters to every corner of the range in a few easy hours.

"The whole sheep range out there, why, that whole country's plastered with poison," says crusty Paul Maxwell, former trapper and bulldozer operator and now president of the National Council of Public Land Users. "As soon as it gets cold enough so the poison baits will keep, they've got traps and 1080 stations and getters and strychnine and arsenic and everything else all over this countryside, and hardly any of it marked. The people who could crack down on this—the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management and the different state fish and game commissions—why, they're advocating poisoning, too! The people we're entrusting with taking care of our public land are out contaminating it. I assume they must be padding their pockets from the stockmen."

Says an equally perturbed Wyoming trapper, "Up here they're killing wild animals faster 'n they can be born. Many sheepmen who use the national forest for grazing go in with sacks and sacks of strychnine pellets, some in peanut butter, some in honey, and throw 'em around like seed, and they kill everything in the area before they bring their sheep in." To supplement this frenzied poisoning by private ranchers, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service annually distributes tons of 1080-baited meat, bangs coyote getters into the earth by the tens of thousands, throws strychnine pellets across the countryside by the hundreds of thousands and utilizes several dozen other killing techniques, including aerial hunting and the gassing of dens.

In response to these pressures, the number of wild animal species is dropping, but the Fish and Wildlife Service's annual budget for killing and poisoning rises inversely in magnificent adherence to Parkinson's Law. (The budget for the Wildlife Services program in 1971 was

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# Poisoning

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\$8,092,300. In 1960 it was \$4,370,935.) The money, of course, comes ultimately from the very taxpayers and consumers who stand to lose the most from this systematic annihilation of the nation's fauna. Says Gies Sutton, who spent over four decades working as a predator trapper for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, embracing some of its methods but disdaining others, "I'm afraid a lot of these animals are going to be extinct soon. The bear and mountain lion are next. There's too much pressure from sheepmen, they want 'em all killed. Nowadays you don't see one bear track where you used to see dozens. The poisons are getting them." Says another retired Government trapper, Charles Orlosky, who lives high in a remote area of the Rocky Mountains: "Around here the poisoners have wiped out weasel, marten, mink, fox, badger, and they've got the coyote hanging on the ropes. I used

to be able to make a fair living trapping for pelts up here, but now I do it just for a hobby, for something to do. There aren't enough fur-bearing animals left in these mountains to support a trapper, and I don't care how hard he works at it. Mostly, I blame the 1089 poison. They say it's only dangerous to canine species, but that's just not true. I've found all kinds of birds feeding on 1089 stations—eagles, magpies, Canada jays, Clarke's nutcrackers, woodpeckers—and those that don't get killed pick away the poisoned meat in places where the martens and the weasels can find it and get poisoned themselves. Last winter was the first time in years that we didn't have a pair of eagles feeding up here. They just disappeared. And where there used to be magpies all over the place, we didn't see one all winter. There are major changes, crucial changes. My God,

if they can wipe out whole species way back here in this part of the Rockies, they can wipe them out anywhere."

There is ample evidence that the combination of stockmen and federal poisoners has already succeeded in eliminating certain animal populations and endangering others. As Michigan's conservation-minded Congressman John Dingell said at a House hearing in 1969: "They are poisoning them off in a fashion that is disgraceful to behold. They are doing it without shame or mercy." There are broad areas of California where coyotes once were common and now are completely eliminated. A trapper in southwest Texas was asked when he saw his last wild badger, and his reply was to shrug his shoulders and say, "It's been so long I can't even remember." The kit fox, full grown at five or six pounds and a master controller of rodents, has vanished from thousands

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## Two Rebuttals

**JACK BERRYMAN**, chief of the Government's Wildlife Service.

We're not thrilled at being the defenders for poison. We use only the most selective, effective and humane poisons with the least impact on the environment and nontarget species. It is hard to find a graceful way of killing an animal. No matter how you do it, it is dead.

Animals will be doing damage, and the public wants the heritage of animals. The goal for the future will be more sophisticated methods that can be applied more discretely. Sophistication costs more money and requires more supervision. Landowners are an independent lot. If what they want done isn't done, they'll do it themselves. They can throw the bait around where nontarget animals also will be killed.

Facts show that Wildlife Services is not decimating the wildlife population. We have not brought to the verge of extinction any target animals, let alone any of the others. None of the poisons we use move through the food chain or pose any threat to humans. We use such small amounts they're just not in the food chain. Some of the poisons have been in use for 50 years, others for 25 years. There has been no environmental accumulation of any significance.

This program was once based on amount of kill. It was a case of "how many did you get." With that kind of background,

it was a difficult adjustment, but we have turned the whole thing around. There have been large gains, and the program has been redirected. It's a whole new approach. Some legislation has been attempting to halt the Government program, and if this legislation is passed, all our gains and efforts will be lost.

Critics will actually help bring about needed action. We appreciate the roles played by both extremist groups. They push both ways and help develop better programs inside the two ends they represent.

Many different collections of people and task forces have looked into the facts. The truth is there would be more criticism if the Government ducked this business rather than tackled it. The Wildlife Service's program is like a plane fight. No news unless it crashes. The program is no news, unless there is a violation of guidelines.

It is the responsibility of the Government to make some unpopular decisions. It takes more courage to stay with the program than to abandon it. And one last point: I would not like to leave the impression that the job is being done 100%. There's a lot to do and not everyone is trying to do it.

**EDWIN MARSH**, executive secretary, National Wool Growers Assn.

If the predator-poisoning program is not made more adequate, the sheep industry

will be forced out of business. Predators—especially coyotes, the prime sheep killers—are increasing. The program will have to be intensified and continued until such time that we can develop—through research—other control methods. Careful research in Utah has produced calculations that \$3,538,846 are lost annually by the range sheep industry to predators. This loss is equal or surpassed in many states. We are doing extensive research at present, hoping to find more humane control methods. One possibility is a repellent on sheep that would discourage predators. Poisoning may be a painful death for predators. But the death suffered by sheep at the mercy of predators is not exactly pretty. Allegations that the poisoning program is harming the environment are vastly exaggerated. I do not think that the balance of nature is being destroyed by the poisoning program. Survival of the wool industry is at stake. The present poisoning program is inadequate to control degradations in sheep areas. We are not interested in control work where there are no sheep. The fact that degradation of sheep by the coyote population is increasing dangerously is indication enough that the present poisoning program is inadequate. We know the program has many enemies, but we will certainly fight to maintain—and increase—it. We have to, if we expect the range sheep industry to survive.

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You'll see.

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# Poisoning

continued

of square miles of the prairie. Like all canines, the tiny fox is particularly vulnerable to 1080. The black-footed ferret, never common, is about to flicker out and die as a species, victim of the poisons that are also wiping out the prairie dogs on which the ferret dines.

An outdoorsman in Idaho says sadly, "Every year for the last five or six years I've seen this pair of fishers in a little spring hole where I hunt. This year they were gone. Nearby, I found a poison bait." Hikers came across two dead golden eagles in the sheep country of northwest Colorado, a region where eagle populations have diminished sharply, and a Denver laboratory provided the diagnosis: strychnine poisoning. Two of the last surviving California condors fell to 1080-treated grain, and a Government report noted, "It is unthinkable that this sort of mistake can be permitted to recur." But it will recur again and again, with condors and other species, simply because there is so much poison scattered on the land that it cannot be avoided by wildlife.

The poison is being distributed and utilized with typical American enterprise. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and private manufacturers of poisons have even managed to export some of their deadly expertise. A well-publicized "victory" over Canadian wolves was accomplished by aerial distribution of 1080 supplied by an American manufacturer. Dozens of nations have begun to send in orders and repeat orders for American-made pesticides, and recently the Japanese paid U.S. chemical technology the ultimate compliment: they began manufacturing a 1080-like product of their own. The Fish and Wildlife Service, in a generous hands-across-the-border gesture, helped Mexican authorities put out 83 poison stations from Tijuana to the mouth of the Colorado River along the international border, with predictable results. Within three months coyotes were "no more to be seen" (to quote an exuberant Fish and Wildlife report), and "in Rumerosa a considerable portion of the dog population was poisoned. Only two dogs survived in the village." When this same Government agency and the Pan Amer-

ican Sanitary Bureau distributed 1080 in Chihuahua, they managed to kill several grizzly bears, some of the last grizzlies that exist below the northern reaches of the American continent.

After the bears were poisoned, stockmen displayed a predictable attitude: What good is a grizzly? The question recalled a remark by Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson to a committee of Congress: "I have a lawyer friend who had a scientist friend who spent all of his time studying the spider, and one day the lawyer asked him, 'What good are spiders?' and the scientist said, 'They are interesting, and may I ask, what good are you?'"

Large numbers of concerned Americans have been taking evening courses in ecology, but there are still millions who ask questions like what good is the spider and what good is the grizzly. The answer, of course, lies in nature's delicate adjustments, worked out over millions of years of massive trial and error, of survival experiments and adaptation and compromise. These processes are mysterious, inscrutable, so much so that the more one learns about them, the more one becomes reluctant to step on an ant or swat a fly for fear that some dire ecological catastrophe will ensue. As Charles Darwin warned, we are ignorant "of the mutual relations of all organic beings, a conviction as necessary as it is difficult to acquire." But as Darwin might not have anticipated, we are beginning to learn. And the more a person learns about the balance of nature, the less he is likely to ask questions like the ones that a sheepman recently belittled across a room: "Which is worth more, livestock or predators?" and, "How much taxes do coyotes pay?" An ecological knowledge grows, we no longer consider which is "worth more," which is "good" and which is "bad," which is "destructive" and which is "useful," but how do they relate to each other and to us, and how do we all relate to the land that sustains us?

"Harmony with land is like harmony with a friend," Aldo Leopold wrote. "You cannot cherish his right hand and chop off his left. That is to say, you cannot love game and hate pred-

ators; you cannot conserve the waters and waste the ranges; you cannot build the forest and mine the farm. The land is one organism."

If Leopold and other scientists are correct, if the land is indeed one organism and there is a total and critical interdependence among all living things, then the deliberate poisoning of vast areas of the U.S. will have been a long stride toward the end of life as it is known on the North American continent. Dr. Lee Talbot of the President's Council on Environmental Quality said that "during the past 150 years the rate of extermination of mammal species has increased 55-fold. If it continues to increase at the same rate (hopefully it's unlikely), virtually all the remaining species of mammals will be gone in about 30 years." No one need feel that the U.S., officially and unofficially, has failed to do its part.

Warnings of the dangers of wholesale poisoning have been issued loud and clear for many years. One of them came nearly a quarter of a century ago from the late J. Frank Dobie, dean of Southwestern naturalists, in his classic work *The Voice of the Coyote*.

"Sheep are the arch-predators upon the soil of arid and semi-arid ranges. Wherever they are concentrated on ranges without sufficient moisture to maintain a turf under their deep-biting teeth and cutting hoofs, they destroy the plant life. . . . Unless long-term public good wins over short-term private gain and ignorance, vast ranges, already greatly depleted, will at no distant date be as barren as the sheep-created deserts of Spain. Metaphorically, the sheep of the West eat up not only all animals that prey upon them—coyotes, wildcats and eagles especially—but badgers, skunks, foxes, ringtails and others. On sheep ranges, wholesale poisoning and trapping have destroyed nearly all of them."

The effect of Dobie's anguished broadside was precisely nil. Similar impassioned attacks on Western poisoning and grazing practices have been equally futile, and nowadays certain sheepmen (and sometimes certain cattlemen) go about spreading poisons, all the while humming *Home on the Range* and touting imaginary economic benefits of

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# Poisoning

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the slaughter. Not long ago a weekly Colorado newspaper printed a story about a rancher and his wife and children who spent a delightful winter weekend cruising their property on snowmobiles, throwing out strychnine "drop bums" to kill coyotes. The item ran as a social note. The Western stockman who does not engage in such popular practices is branded an eccentric, sometimes an outright traitor, and those who protest against this drenching of the American landscape with poison are called "little old ladies in tennis shoes." In sheep country, there is no harsher epithet.

The irrational hatred of animals that kill other animals (a hatred that was good enough for Dad and is good enough for most ranchers) is deep-grained, going back to the hard times when the loss of a few lambs or a calf might cause a serious shortage in the winter fodder. But while modern scientists have learned that predators are sorely needed ecologically, and while stock operations have long since passed out of the shooting category of the old West, sheepmen have continued their anachronistic war on predators as though their very existences depended on poisoning the last one off. Dozens of naturalists have issued public warnings against the resulting toxication of the American range, but there is hardly a legislative body that has paid the slightest attention. This includes the Congress of the United States, where a session is not complete without the introduction of antipoisoning legislation, a few chuckles and a prompt pigeonholing of the matter. The sheepmen seem to possess a mysterious power. Arnold Ræder, a former Montana state senator and one of a handful of Western politicians who have spoken out against the sheep industry's practices, tells why:

"The woolgrowers are the best organized livestock group of all. To a great degree they control the stockgrowers' associations, and that means control of the state capitals of the West and the delegations that are sent to Washington. Invariably, sheepmen get their way. They're always the ones who make the most noise about coyote loss, the ones who demand the most poisons."

Sometimes the hatred of sheepmen for

coyotes, bears and mountain lions seems to go so far beyond the dimensions of reality as to be almost pathological in origin. Frank Dobie wrote about a sheepman on the Frio River in Texas who liked to saw off the lower jaws of trapped coyotes and "turn the mutilated animals loose for his dogs to tear to pieces." Stories of skinning coyotes alive are common, as are stories of setting them afire. "I had one sheepman tell me, 'Bring me a live coyote, will you?'" says trapper Acel Rowley of Vernal, Utah. "I said, 'What're you gonna do with it?' He said, 'I'm gonna take him and tie his jaws shut and soak him with kerosene and touch a match to the end of his tail and turn him loose.'"

Only an imbecile would conclude from such Western horror stories that sheepmen have a monopoly on cruelty to animals or that all sheepmen share the same lack of compassion or rapport with nature. Most woolgrowers abhor the violence that some of their fellows commit. There are many sheep ranchers who oppose the wholesale poisoning and killing that goes on around them, and specifically forbid it on their own properties. But too many other private poisoners carry on their work by land and by air, and with gusto.

In Wyoming the personal pilot for a rich stockman learned that he could glide down on coyotes in the wintertime and drop them with heavy patterns from his shotgun. From this it was a short step to gunning eagles from the air. After the pilot had perfected his techniques and increased his efficiency by taking along a rancher to serve as aerial gunner from the copilot's seat, he began to warm to the idea of eliminating predators in the mass. He learned that coyotes and other animals were getting wise to the poison stations scattered about the state; often trappers would see tracks where predators had made wide detours around the deadly baits. An established predator-control technique by ranchers in Wyoming had become the baiting of game carcasses, and if no road kills or natural kills were available, antelope or deer were shot and laced with poison. All of this was illegal, of course.

Growing more certain of his improv-

ing techniques, the pilot began flying to remote areas of the range and gunning down antelope and deer instead of predators. Then he would make a short landing, doctor the carcass with poison and fly away. The aerial poisoning became so widespread—and the pilot so fearless of prosecution—that it was soon the talk of the state. Before long the pilot was being called upon by ranchers around the state for advice and guidance on his advanced poisoning techniques.

One day a tip came in from a U.S. Fish and Wildlife trapper who had deep contempt for the pilot's practices. He told game wardens that the pilot was going to fly some poisoning missions in a few days, and he named the sheep spread where the operation would take place. The Wyoming Game and Fish Commission provided a plane, and when the poisoner took off, wardens followed in their own aircraft at a discreet distance. They followed—and followed. The poisoner's plane led them all over the state, climbing and diving and snaking through canyons and over mountain passes and under power lines, and at last, with a contemptuous waggle of wings, turned homeward and landed without a semblance of a threat to any wildlife.

The wardens gave up. The Wyoming Game and Fish Commission was poorly funded for such expensive operations as aerial surveillance, and anyway it was plain that someone was tipping the pilot off. One of the wardens felt that the leak was coming from the airport; others were convinced that the tip came from inside the Game and Fish Commission itself. Such leaks are common in Western states; they are another reason that antipoisoning laws are largely unenforced.

For a while the pilot's activities seemed to slow, but after a discreet period of watching and waiting he resumed his poisoning full-scale. "We'd find all these carcasses on the ranches," recalls one of the frustrated wardens. "Most of them were deer, but some were antelope, and they were all loaded with poison. I can't imagine a worse offense in the outdoors than killing game animals and then filling them with poison to kill



more animals. We were furious about it." But neither fury nor frustration was enough to solve the case and bring the pilot and his imitators to justice. Nor would there have been much likelihood of a conviction—or a meaningful penalty if the pilot had been caught. To be sure, he had refined and perfected an effective (and illegal) poisoning technique, but that only made him different in degree from so many of the sheepmen of the region. As one local wool-grower put it, "Sure, poisoning game is illegal. So's crowing the double yellow. If everybody's doing it, can it be much of a crime?" Indeed no. Nowadays the pilot's operations are more extensive than ever. His price has risen from \$75 to \$150 an hour, and even the most dedicated game wardens of Wyoming have given up on the case.

Anyone who remains dubious about the power of the sheepmen or the impossibility of serious prosecution of illegal poisoners in sheep country has only to study the so-called Arambel Case, a landmark in the annals of frustrating Western jurisprudence. The case began when a trapper named Jim King was putting out bobcat sets two miles north of

the Big Sandy Creek in western Wyoming. At the tip of a narrow point of rocks, where he usually installed a trap, King saw what appeared to be a jellified blob of meat. He took a closer look and recognized an antelope quarter, fresh and showing signs of having been doctored. King finished putting out his string and then telephoned a game warden named Darwin Creek, 40 miles away in Pinedale, Wyo. Creek brought in an enforcement-minded colleague, Max Long, and the two wardens drove to the scene. They found tire tracks and boot prints fanning out in several directions from the original bait, and by the time the long afternoon was over they had picked up seven quarters of antelope and deer. Five of these had been in remote areas, but one had been alongside a trickle of water that joined a fishing stream below, and one was close to another stream that was popular with campers. It was December, the air was cold and no one was around, but Creek and Long knew that unsensational warm weekends might bring dozens of visitors to the camping area. They made plaster of Paris prints of the tracks, interviewed the closest inhabitants and

rushed the seven quarters to the Game and Fish Commission Research Laboratory at Laramie. Chemists took one look at the meat and quickly put on gloves. After preliminary tests they advised Creek and Long to remove their clothes and burn them. The final analyses showed that the slabs of meat were carrying a heavy load of 1080, which is supposed to be used in predator control only by U.S. Government trappers but, in fact, slips into the hands of private poisoners all over the West. According to Creek, "One of the doctors at the game and fish lab said there was enough poison in any one of the quarters to kill people for a mile down that stream. It was the highest concentration of 1080 they'd ever seen."

Creek and Long now faced the classic dilemma of the Western conservation officer. The baits had been found in sheep country, on public land, and all signs pointed to one person, an influential Bosque-American stockman named John Arambel, member of a prominent ranching family. To investigate, or not? Neither Creek nor Long paused to consider the consequences; they made an investigation, picked up a few tidbits of information around the area and sent for Arambel to meet them at the sheriff's office. Creek tells what happened: "After we gave him his rights, he denied everything. We told him we could place him at the scene. We told him witnesses had spotted his pickup, and the tire tracks matched. After a while he broke down and admitted that his hired help had shot the deer out of season, but he said he had gotten the antelope after the animal had been killed by a car. He also admitted that his men had laced the carcasses with 1080 and had distributed the poisoned quarters on public land. But when we asked him where he got the 1080, he refused to tell us. If you know how dangerous 1080 is, you know how bad we wanted to know where he got it. But he wouldn't tell us. He admitted that they put a lot of 1080 into the quarters to make sure they did a good job, but that was all. I finally we offered him immunity on the whole case if he'd just tell where he got the 1080, and he still refused. His lawyer took

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# Poisoning

continued

him into court and pled him guilty to killing a game animal out of season, using a game animal for trapping and wanton waste of game, and the judge fined him \$164. He could have gotten something like 18 months and a \$300 fine, but you could see how the judge felt. Before he passed sentence he told Arambel that he understood his problem. He said something like, "I know you ranchers are having a lot of trouble with those coyotes."

The Arambel trial took place in 1967, in sheep country, and the local reaction was predictable. The people of the area are still annoyed at Creek and Long—"the Gestapo," as one housewife calls them—and John Arambel has become a local folk hero. All he did was cross the yellow line.

There are larger significances to the Arambel case than a sheep-country judge's leniency or a sheep-country people's distorted code of ethics. As Darwin Creek explains, "There is no way to figure the amount of poison that's put out illegally in the state of Wyoming, but it's something awful. Our wildlife is disappearing fast, especially animals like bears and martens and foxes—animals that'll take a poisoned bait. If all the people of Wyoming knew what's going on, they'd be shocked and something would be done, but that's the trouble: all the people of Wyoming don't know. It's kept quiet. This case is an example of *how* they keep it quiet. The truth is that Max and I had some pretty flimsy evidence. If John Arambel had denied everything and pleaded not guilty and put up a strong defense in court, he'd have had a good chance to beat the case. Why did he plead guilty? Because if there'd been a court fight it would've made headlines all over Wyoming, and then reporters and outsiders would've become interested, and, sooner or later, they'd have wanted to know what we wanted to know right from the beginning: Where'd Arambel get the 1080? And that was one question that could not stand publicity. As soon as the press and the public found out what 1080 was and how it killed and how it was leaking around the state of Wyoming, there'd have been a terrible fuss,

so they came in and pled Arambel guilty and got it over with quick and quiet. There was a little tiny item way down in the corner of the local paper, and that was the end of it."

The horror that men like Max Long and Darwin Creek feel at the mention of 1080 is largely unshared by the growing army of conservationists in the U.S. as a whole, and for a simple reason: like the majority of the people of poisoned Wyoming, they know nothing about it. Or they only know that 1080 is the favorite poison of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and therefore conclude that it must be safe, reasonable and practical. It is not. The poison was unsafe in the years when it was used only by the trained mammal-control agents of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service; it is manifestly unsafe now that it is also being used by the zealous sheepmen of the West. Of all the lethal agents of history, from Socrates' hemlock down through the Borgias' legendary deadly elixirs and the nerve poisons of modern warfare, it is difficult to imagine a more insidiously homicidal poison than sodium fluoroacetate. The most infinitesimal amounts of 1080 are toxic. A single ounce used at maximum efficiency could kill 200 adult humans, or 20,000 coyotes or dogs, or 70,000 house cats. Except in large quantities of water, 1080 apparently does not degrade biologically or physically. It is colorless, odorless and almost tasteless. No antidote has yet been found.

A 1950 summary by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service noted that since its introduction there had been 12 known and four suspected deaths from 1080. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare reported several years later that there had been "13 proven fatal cases, five suspected deaths, and six non-fatal cases. . . ." The truth is that no one is certain how many have died from 1080 poisoning, especially now that it is finding its way into private hands, but there is very little doubt that there have been deaths other than the diagnosed ones. Glen Crabtree, a research biochemist at the Fish and Wildlife laboratories in Denver, tells of a case where a child died from sucking dried-up paper cups

that had been used to hold 1080 solutions months before. "Then there was a case in Texas where 1080 cups were put in a barn," Crabtree says, "and the farmer was told to lock the barn and didn't, and a little boy got in and died. In eastern Colorado a store owner kept 1080 solution in a pop bottle. A store employee drank it. And then, of course, there have been the suicides." Crabtree remembers a particularly unpleasant case in which he was called for expert advice. "A woman who worked as a secretary at a pest-control company became despondent, and she took some 1080 out of a locked cabinet and ingested it. Then she changed her mind and called for help. But there's no changing your mind with 1080. During the night the doctors called me, and I told them there was nothing they could do but try to allay the symptoms. Apparently, it was quite painful. She had convulsions, and she lasted several hours."

Where convulsions are present, Crabtree points out, any experienced physician would suspect poisoning, but there also are 1080 cases where the doctor is not present at the time of the convulsions, or the patient does not suffer convulsions at all. In these cases, Crabtree says, doctors "would probably diagnose the death as a heart attack."

The danger to surrounding wildlife from a fatal dosage of 1080 does not end with the victim's violent death. "Following absorption," wrote Fish and Wildlife Biologist Eric Peacock, "sodium fluoroacetate appears to act without being chemically changed." The Western Montana Scientists' Committee for Public Information reported: "Since 1080 remains stable and does not degrade easily, it is extremely hazardous to animals higher in the food chain. House cats, dogs, pigs, foxes, skunks, carrion-eating birds and coyotes have died after eating 1080-poisoned rodents."

But none of these profoundly negative indications has prevented the use of sodium fluoroacetate by both public and private agencies, or its widespread sale by the two U.S. firms that manufacture it—Tull Chemical and Roberts Chemicals—and the Japanese chemical company that imitates them. The only fed-

continued



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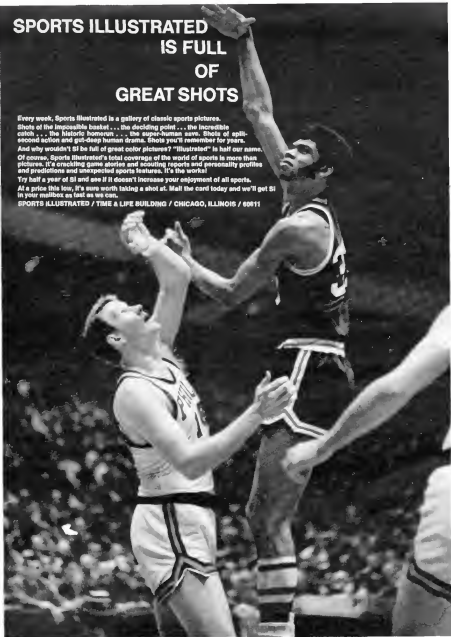
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## Poisoning

continued

eral restriction on the deadly poison is a requirement that the labels be registered by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The Wildlife Services makes rules on the use of 1080 for its staff, but they are merely guidelines, not laws. State and local laws about the lethal chemical are almost nonexistent, and the only effective control on its use seems to come from the two manufacturers. According to their spokesmen, both companies limit the sale of the poison to pest-control operators.

"The distribution of 1080 has always been a problem," says Dr. Ralph Heal, executive secretary of the National Pest Control Association. "And it has always haunted the Fish and Wildlife Service—the possibility of this poison getting into private hands. I've been told that there have been some bad leaks. I know that they tightened their operation terribly about three years ago when they had a real scare after a batch of 1080 got out. The main thing we've got to watch out for is some character setting himself up, getting somebody to write insurance for him and then qualifying himself with the manufacturers. This is always a possibility." It is more than a possibility. It has happened.

A few years ago frightened Fish and Wildlife officials began hearing rumors that 1080 was popping up in illegally baited carcasses throughout the West, and hurried consultations were held with Tull Allen, head of Tull Chemical. "Fish and Wildlife told me that the 1080 I'd sent to three predator-control boards in Wyoming was not being used by Government trappers at all," Allen says. "What they were doing was dispensing it to sheepmen to use themselves. I cut off all shipments to those people. They'd lied to me, pure and simple." Several years have gone by since Allen put the last shipment of 1080 into the hands of the Wyoming sheepmen, but the official federal poisoning Establishment is still nervous over the leakage.

There is little doubt that the flow of deadly 1080 continues into private hands, controlled only by the good intentions and limited capabilities of the two manufacturers. It is pointless to argue whether the total amounts are large or small,

for 1080 is a substance that is toxic in the most microscopic quantities. It is also pointless to argue that the poison is being spread way out there in the middle of nowhere, and therefore it cannot do much harm. As poisoners become more and more bold, 1080-treated carcasses have begun turning up alongside public watersheds in dangerous numbers. "It's common practice for poisoners to put them out on ice-covered reservoirs in the winter," Trapper Charles Orlosky reports. "Reservoirs are attractive places to wildlife, and the trappers have found out they get a high percentage of kills that way. Then, when spring comes, the remains of the bait settle right into the water and they don't have to go to the trouble of burning them."

*Defenders of Wildlife News*, the trade journal of activist conservationists, is the only U.S. publication that has mounted a continuous program against the deliberate toxication of the U.S. "What is to be the eventual result year after year of this relentless poisoning of our biota and lands?" the journal has asked. "How much 1080 is washed, during heavy rains, into our streams—and absorbed by the root systems of our grasses . . . ? With millions of pounds of 1080-treated baits on Western lands, one wonders the issue of how much of this poison is absorbed by grazing livestock from contaminated grasses, and subsequently transferred to human stomachs in a leg of lamb or roast of beef."

A discussion with a top expert on 1080 is of small consolation. Glen Crabtree impresses one as a dispassionate scientist first and foremost, and no mere apologist for his own Government agency. He minces no words about what is known and what is unknown about the deadly substance. Does it indeed remain intact as it passes from the body of one animal to another? "Yes, it does," he says. Is it biodegradable? "Our information here is sketchy." Does it break down in solution? "It's degradable in solution over a period of time." Are there genetic effects of ingesting the substance? "We know nothing about that." Can it be absorbed by grasses, and thence by cattle and sheep and eventually humans? "It usually takes a fairly concentrated

amount of a substance for such translocations to take place. We've had no indication from experience that this occurs, but we have no data on it." Is 1080 a subtle menace to our water supplies? "In the present state of our knowledge it appears not to be a danger to public water systems." If a minute amount of 1080 were to get into a water system and be consumed by humans, what would be their symptoms? "It would depend on the amount, but with a very small amount they might get a lot of depression, possibly some convulsions. With larger amounts, of course, they might show definite symptoms of poisoning, symptoms that any able physician would recognize, or they might simply appear to be suffering from heart trouble." Is it possible that 1080 could accidentally leak into public water supplies and cause depressions, convulsions and deaths attributable to heart attack, and that no one would know the cause? "I don't think that has ever happened, and it is extremely unlikely because of the dilution factor. But if you ask me if it's possible, in all honesty I have to say, yes, it is theoretically possible."

One comes away from a discussion with this plain-spoken biochemist—and other experts in the field—with the uneasy feeling that there are serious gaps in the toxicological profile of sodium fluoroacetate. Whole tables and booklets have been prepared on such practical matters as the exact amount of 1080 required to kill kangaroo rats, ferruginous rough-legged hawks, Rhode Island red hens and Columbian ground squirrels, but no one seems to have done much research into an equally practical matter: What is the total amount of 1080 and other poisons that the sodden soils and polluted waterways of the West can absorb without becoming lethal agents themselves? One asks, and one is told: "Nobody knows."

Someday we may be dying to find out.

---

### Next Week

*A look at the devastation produced by the official poisoning Establishment—the use of the Wildlife Services division of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service—and the rationale behind it.*





# JOE FRAZIER VS. MUHAMMAD ALI

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Fichten

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## MARCHING ORDERS

Sirs:

It's too bad that Alfred Wright was tied up at the board meeting at Bermuda Dunes during the play of the Bob Hope Desert Classic (*Thanks for the Memory*, Feb. 22). He missed a terrific golf tournament.

Of course, I know it's hard to concentrate on such dull stuff as a six-hole shot-for-shot stretch drive between Ray Floyd and Arnold Palmer or their subsequent playoff when you have such excitement as the ticket deal between Bill Conway and Ed Crowley or Mollie Cullum's cocktail party. But couldn't you at least have had a picture of Arnie's great birdie putt on sudden death or his eagle on Saturday or a story on how it feels to be back in the winner's circle after so long?

In short, for the millions in Arnie's Army who waited so long to revel in his great comeback, and for golfing fans everywhere, your article was a miserable letdown.

ROBERT L. DAWSON

Albuquerque

Sirs:

You blew it! You missed the tension, drama, excitement and glory as the king of golf proved his worth. You saw only the fun and games of Vice-President Agnew, Wife Mays, Mollie Cullum and a lot of business executives. True, they support the tournament, but who makes it go? I'll tell you who: Arnie! That grand old guy who led his army over the hill and on to victory! Through five days of fighting, with thousands of troops following him, cheering him on through every hole, Arnie sank a 25-footer to win his first tournament since December of '69.

CURLEW HOYT

Ames, Iowa

Sirs:

In bypassing Arnold Palmer's first tournament victory since 1969, SI ignored one of the most popularly significant sporting events of recent years.

WAYNE BAKER

Richland, Wash.

Sirs:

I cannot help thinking that even Spiro Agnew would have been happier to see more about the "restoration of a monarch" and less about his own erratic tee shots.

PAM RANGER

West Salem, Wis.

Sirs:

No thanks for the memory.

RICH DIFUSCO

Syracuse, N.Y.

## SMOKIN' JOE

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Morton Sharnik for his excellent interview with Joe Frazier (*I Got a Surprise for Clay*, Feb. 22). Mr. Sharnik seems to have succeeded quite skillfully in performing a task few others have even attempted—that of eliciting from Smokin' Joe an honest display of how the fighter feels about himself, about Muhammad Ali and about boxing in general. Amidst the numerous articles on the controversial and colorful Ali, this one on Frazier proved to be both refreshing and informative. Now all is left up to the fighters, and the best man will win.

Baltimore

KEN WINEGRAD

Sirs:

After reading your interview pieces about Ali and Frazier, I am convinced that Frazier is the likely winner. His analysis of everything, the fight and his life in general, is consistent with his style in the ring. He is remarkable for his straight-line thinking, devoid of the slightest nonsense. He continues to impress me, not just as a highly efficient fighter, but as a well-motivated, determined businessman. Many would do well to study him for inspiration.

JOSEPH GANCHE

Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

Joe Frazier can plan, train and shoot his mouth off all he wants, but when he gets into that ring with Muhammad Ali, I doubt that he will have the time or the sense to throw his cute little phrases at the real champ.

MARK RABEAU

Mineville, N.Y.

## BODY AND SOUL

Sirs:

Congratulations to Curry Kirkpatrick for his excellent article on body surfing (*The Closest Thing To Being Born*, Feb. 22). His description of the outrageous Wedge is enough to give the strong a weak heart and the sane a blown mind.

The techniques of body surfing are fundamentally easy to understand, and yet there is no way of describing what it is like to be locked in the green room of a wave with the spray doing staccatos on your face. Keep those articles coming.

DON MORSE

Vineland, N.J.

Sirs:

I think you mislead the average person as to what body surfing is all about when

you publicize the antics of a bunch of creeps at the Wedge. You lend glamour to a group of individuals who are so mean that they enjoy brutalizing other people who want to try the Wedge. Apparently the Wedge men are so depleted in self-esteem that they feel the need to try to destroy someone else in order to make themselves feel strong. There is too much of this activity in the world already and I, for one, believe that it should be condemned for what it is, not an act of bravery or courage but the act of a bully with a desolate soul.

IVAN P. COLBURN

Newport Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Granted, love for the ocean, desire for adventure and better-than-average swimming skills are necessary to really enjoy this version of the sport, but one need not be a mental midget or a crazy Hell's Angel to qualify as a body surfer.

Most sports involve risks and the possibility of sustaining injury, and body surfing is no exception to the rule. But cut-throat annihilation of oneself and of one's fellow man, as described in Mr. Kirkpatrick's article, need not be part of this aquatic pastime.

MICHAEL E. KELLY

Geneva, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was very amused by your article. Since I am a board surfer myself, I can appreciate the body surfer's love for the sea, but for them to say that board surfers are a "bunch of phony hangers-on" is ridiculous. Board surfers ride waves as big, if not bigger, than the Wedge. And we don't do any "head-hopping" or hurt people, either. So you tell those spaced-out and drunken-trippers to go stick their heads in the sand—preferably at the Wedge.

KEVIN FOLEY

Eastham, Mass.

Sirs:

Perhaps someday those head-hoppers will pull their heads out of the sand and wedge themselves into a society that has worthwhile values.

DAN NEUFELD

Austin, Texas

## AUTOMATED ARCHERY

Sirs:

Having just read the article on archery and the new trend in mechanical releases (*The Big Little Giant Imagination*, Feb. 15), it is my opinion that the releases should be outlawed. The bow is not a gun. Archery is a useful sport only if it embraces the psy-

continued

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### 10TH HOLE

chological need for man to compete within the bounds of his own strength and discipline. Take away this element, and you've destroyed the sport.

SHIRLEY R. AXEN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIN

Certainly there is no progress in a sport when equipment prevents human excellence from asserting itself. Give two sailors the same pole, and the better will win, though the vaults of both will be higher if the pole is fiber glass rather than bamboo. But when a sport with a maximum possible score makes that score achievable by the abnormals as well as the best, the truly exceptional athlete becomes submerged among the merely proficient.

KEN CORWILL

Minnesota City, Minn.

SIN

Archers should be allowed to use releases, but the size of the spot should be greatly reduced in order to lower scores.

STANFORD CAMP

St. Louis

### SEASCAPE

SIN

Congratulations to Carleton Mitchell on an informative and well-written article about the new cruiser *Fines* (*Yacht with a Taste for Heat*, Feb. 15). Ted Lodiginsky's illustrations were also great, especially the cutaway showing the inside of the boat. Thanks

EPHRAIM PINKUS

Windsor, N.C.

### HUMAN NATURE

SIN

The predictability of people astounds me! Every January I begin to look forward to your yearly article about some special part of the world, great summer fashions and admirable sinners (*A New Era for an Old Island*, Feb. 13). After reading the story I fantasize a bit about whether or not I look half as delightful as the models and whether a limited budget will ever allow a trip to some bypassed island like the Dominican Republic. Then I wait. Two weeks later on the nose the 19th Hot comes up with exactly what I've been waiting for! Endorsements and canceled subscriptions, expressions of delight and words of disgust. The whole process is terrific!

Thanks for a great magazine and for a side attraction on human behavior.

MRS. MICHAEL COONEY

Sienna Barbara, Calif.

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